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THE HANDS WE CLASP ABOVE THE DEAD.

A Decoration-day Tribute.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LIEUT. E. H. KELLOGG.

The sun it is shining much brighter to-day
Than 'twas years ago, when, in battle array,
We stood front to front in the heat of the fight,
Defending the cause that we each thought was right;
For, though we were foemen in deadly affray,
The blood was the same of the Blue and the Gray.

The clouds were as black as a pall on a bier;
Throughout the whole land there was no sign of cheer;
From North to the South, from the East to the West,
The hearts of the people were sorely distressed;
For homesteads were riven, and hearths there were few
Where one was not dressed in the Gray or the Blue.

The ivy of friendship grew seer on the wall;
The myrtle was withered, and myrrh turned to gall;
The heart of a nation was shrouded in gloom,
And funeral marches were beat to the tomb
Where heroes were buried, who, resting to-day,
Forget in their slumbers the Blue and the Gray.

The sound of war's tumult was heard through the land
As brothers contested their rights hand to hand,
While the dear ones at home grew silent with fear,
As fiercer the conflict was raging each year;
Till kinsmen and kindred were suing release
From the terrors of war, and praying for peace.

Kind Providence answered—on hilltop and plain
The voice of thanksgiving was rendered again,
As brothers shook hands and promised that they
No longer would fight as the Blue and the Gray;
The promise is kept—as the years pass away
The bond of our Union grows stronger each day.

Then while we are crowning the graves of the dead
With garlands and wreaths for the blood they have shed,
And life-blood is swelling throughout every arm,
And thrilling the pulse from the heart to the palm,
Let's warmly clasp hands as they rest in repose,
Forgetting, as they do, we ever were foes.

May 30, 1879.

THE ARISTOCRAT'S DAUGHTER;

OR,

THE BRIDE OF THE GUILLOTINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE N. Y. CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN F. DE NYSE.

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CHAPTER XVIII—CONTINUED.

There was a moment of silence. The commander-in-chief of the Republican army did not frown, but he keenly searched the face of the audacious stranger who dared avow his character as a rebel in such presence.

"You know," said he at last; "that the law punishes with death all refugees who return to France before their names are erased from the list?"

"I know it."

"And that it is my duty to send you before a court-martial, which will condemn you on a single declaration of identity?"

"I do not dispute that."

"You know, too, that the sentence will be executed within twenty-four hours?"

"I am well aware of that."

"Then what did you come here for?"

"To ask you for an interview of twenty minutes, after which you may dispose of me as you please."

"Twenty minutes? Do you think I can give you so much of my time, when the Austrians are going to attack me in an hour?"

"General, you have already taught them that you know how to employ time better than any of the great captains of the old school. You might talk with me half the day and then have leisure to fight them with the flat of your sword. In war it is less important to strike quickly than to strike well."

"You are a soldier?"

"I was, up to the tenth of last August."

"And since then?"

"Since then? Oh—well—I—that is to say I have been fighting irregularly."

"Against whom?"

"Against those who had proscribed me."

"That is to say, against France?"

"Be it so, then. I will not equivocate in my selection of words."

"You served in Conde's army?"

"No. There was too much talk and too little action there. I made three campaigns with George Cadoudal and was at the defense of Toulon."

"Toulon?"

"Yes, General, and I warrant you the soldiers of the Convention would never have taken it without you."

"Perhaps they might, had they been commanded throughout by officers as brave and intelligent as Lieutenant Salviac. How did you become aquainted with him?"

"I never met him until the 1st of January of this year. On that day I had occasion to do him a service, and in return he recommended me to you. It is I now who am under obligations to him."

Bonaparte made a movement now for the first time since the interview had begun. As to the Baron, he had regained all his natural self-possession, and with his usual keenness he had soon perceived that his laconic bluntness was worth more than strategems so minutely detailed in the instructions of the conspirators' committee.

"What have you to say to me?" asked the General drily.

"General," began the conspirator, "I have come direct from Paris, and I do not tell you any news when I say that Paris sees only you, speaks of only you, has all its hopes in you."

"What does it hope for?"

"That you will deliver it from the braggarts who now oppress it and from the speculators who are preying on it."

"Here I silence the braggarts and shoot the thieving contractors. The affairs of the Government are none of my business."

"Is it possible, General, that you will continue to cover with your glory the wretched gold-lace and plumed mountebanks who parody royalty in the *salons* of the Luxembourg and cover our unhappy country with shame?"

"My glory!" exclaimed Bonaparte with a sudden animation. "If I were to be killed to-morrow—and I may be, for to-morrow I take a step that is decisive in my destiny—I would not even have a history. Believe me, monsieur, what I have done thus far is nothing. I am but just beginning my career."

"Yes—a beginning that has a record of Montenotte, Lodi, Castiglione and Arcola."

"And perhaps a frightful disaster to finish all," interrupted Napoleon. "Do you know what is going on at this moment?"

"I know that the Austrians are marching on Verona, and that you are going to hurl them back to the other side of the Alps."

"Stop, monsieur," said the General, taking a folded paper from the pile of documents on the table. "Here is a dispatch from Joubert which announces to me that the enemy is moving on him by way of the Adige and is going to fall on and crush his feeble division with the entire corps of the Austrian General Alvinzy—forty-five thousand men against seven thousand! And here is another, in which Serrurier, who is besieging Mantone, notifies me that Provera is marching on him at the head of superior forces. Both of them expect to be attacked this very day, and ask me for reinforcements. Reinforcements! I have here only eight thousand men, commanded by Massena, and to-morrow I must manœuvre and fight them against an entire army. Think you now that I am sure that three days hence I shall be counted among the brave captains?"

"And if you suffer a check now in your victorious career, on whom ought France to lay the blame if not on the idiots of the Directory?"

"The Directory!" exclaimed Napoleon, giving way entirely to the impetuousity of his Corsican nature. "Do you think I have conquered Italy to consolidate the power of the Directory?"

"Ah! General, it is a pity the King of France is not present to hear such noble and just language," said Candeil, who thought that the moment had now arrived to put the momentous question to the hero.

He was soon undeceived.

"The King of France?" repeated Bonaparte, in a stern voice. "Whom call you by that name? Is it the Count de Province, who fled in 1790 and who now lives in obscure exile, instead of regaining his crown with sword in hand and battle-plume above his brow, as did his noble ancestor Henry the Fourth?"

"But he has the right to the throne," said the conspirator.

"Well, then, let him show what he thinks it is worth. But if he counts on me to replace him on his throne, he deceives himself. It is well enough for a Pichegru or a Moreau to re-establish a throne. They may undertake it if they wish, but if they do they will find me on their tracks." And the terrible General added, resting his white hand on Candeil's shoulder: "Remember this. I do not like small lawyers to govern France, but no more do I like the idea of playing the part of a General Monk myself. Now, monsieur, speak," said Bonaparte, changing his tone suddenly to one of sharp inquiry. "What proposition have you to make me?"

"Nothing, General," said the refugee sadly. "I did not know you. I was sent to you on a mission which I cannot now fulfill. Send me to death if you wish."

"Young man," said the future Cæsar calmly and with deliberation, "you have been playing a dangerous part. But I admire such men as you. I know not what fate may have in store for me, but whatever that fate may be I offer you the opportunity to follow my fortunes."

"Men like I, General, serve but one master—the one that Heaven has given him."

The Commander-in-chief made a gesture of impatience, turned his back on the refugee, and began pacing the apartment briskly to and fro. "What is he going to do with me?" thought Aymeric. "Decidedly Liardot has sent me on a fool's errand."

"Are you brave?" asked Bonaparte, turning on him suddenly.

"You are the only person whom I permit to ask me such a question," replied the Baron coldly.

"Very well. Return to headquarters this evening. I shall probably depart during the night to take command of the army in the field. I will take you with me. Go, monsieur."

There was no reply to be made to a dismissal so royally given. Aymeric bowed in silence, and departed; but as he passed through the aide-de-camp's room he muttered:

"What a shame that this man is not a descendant of Louis the Fourteenth!"

CHAPTER XIX.—THE PLAIN OF RIVOLI.

The day of the 13th of January, 1797, seemed very long to Aymeric. He had scarcely anything to beguile the time but the company of Signor Papagallo, and this did not offer much distraction to his impatience. The curiosities of Verona interested him very little, and he was not in a frame of mind to appreciate the Roman amphitheatre or the tomb of the Scaligers. So, after interminable promenades on the Erberia and a solid repast at the inn, he determined, late in the afternoon, to wander about the vicinity of the Canossa palace to see if any preparations were making for departure. He found much trouble in shaking off the cattle-dealer, and in order to get clear of him was obliged to promise solemnly that he would use all his influence for him with the General. But he was shrewd enough to confine his confidence with the cattle merchant, in regard to the interview at headquarters, to the simple statement that Bonaparte had received him very cordially—a confidence that elicted innumerable expressions of admiration and professions of friendship from the oily old Italian. As soon as he was left to himself, he began to reflect seriously on the strange conversation he had had with the hero who was so deeply revered by the wily Papagallo. During the first few hours succeeding the interview, the Baron had been wild with delight. He felicitated himself on the success of his audacious freedom, and said it was not a small matter to have obtained thus easily and at once the tacit pardon of the stern and terrible General.

"He could not give orders to execute the man he wishes to take with him into battle," thought he, as he tramped along with great strides through the narrow street which was the main approach to the palace. "If I had attempted to play double with him, this Corsican has an eye that could have pierced my very heart, and at this present moment I should have been languishing in a prison, awaiting the twelve bullets which are the regulation thing in such cases as mine."

All this was true, but he soon came to view the situation from a less satisfactory point. After his violent utterances to Napoleon against the Bourbons and their partisans, he could hardly hope to come to an understanding with him in regard to the propositions of the conspirators. From the beginning, therefore, the Baron's mission was a failure. This result would inevitably injure him in the esteem of the royal party, and would indefinitely postpone his union with Christiane. This was a strong point with him, for by a strange phenomenon, in proportion as the distance that separated him from Mlle. De Limeuil grew greater, the stronger grew his passion for her.

As long as he had remained in Paris, diversions of all kinds had taken up his time, and his passion had been expended among them. Therese, the dinner at the chief conspirator's, the breakfast at Hardy's, the duel, the adventure in the secret council chamber—all these emotions of pleasure and danger had scarcely allowed him time to love the woman who had given him her vows. But now that he found himself alone, surrounded by enemies or by people who were indifferent to him, and on the eve of playing a part in important events, all his oaths, both of politics and love, came back to him with double force.

After long revolving his projects and hopes through his mind, and reviewing again and again the words of the Republican General, he finally persuaded himself that all hope of success was not irrevocably lost.

"This man is as ambitious as Cæsar, but he is as keen as a Florentine," thought the Baron. "He has made no answer to my overtures, but then he has not committed himself definitely either way. Who knows but he is simply awaiting the result of this battle to decide what course he will take? He may be beaten, after all. Frederick the Great was defeated more than once. It is true, though, that this one manœuvres more skillfully than did the hero of the Seven Years' War; yet on the other hand again his little soldiers in blue are but a handful in comparison with the King of Prussia's gigantic grenadiers; but in war you're never sure of anything. Since he has been lucky at the start, this Bonaparte is condemned to conquer continuously hereafter on pain of losing his popularity, and the favor of the fine gentry of the Directory whom he seems to despise so heartily. Come, now—if he should chance to suffer a check from the Austrians to-morrow, he would promptly become the butt of the Parisians, and would soon lose all notion of playing the great man. In that event it would be very easy to talk to him in regard to the conditions offered by Louis the Eighteenth if he consent to seat him on the throne of France."

Candeil had reached this point in his reflections and was about turning to walk back through the little street for the twentieth time, when he saw approaching the aide-de-camp who had ushered him into the General's presence in the morning. The young officer saluted him politely, saying in a gentle voice:

"Monsieur, the commander-in-chief has ordered me to procure you a horse and suitable equipments in order that you may be in condition to accompany his staff. I am happy to state that you are assigned a position beside me during the march which begins to-night, for I am one of Lieut. Salviac's warmest friends."

Aymeric bowed and stammered a few words of thanks, and the young officer continued: "But since we are to go into battle side by side, I may as well let you know at once who I am. My name is Henri De Champcervon, chief of a calvalry squadron, detached to serve on the General's staff."

Candeil was much confused by this avowal—more especially from the fact that he was obliged to conceal his own name, and could not imitate the frankness of the young soldier.

"Champcervon!" repeated he mechanically. "It seems to me I have heard that name before. Was there not a noble family in Normandy thus named?"

"Yes; my own family, and I believe I am something like a vicomte, but I left my title in my noble mansion when I started off with the volunteers. I only remember now that we are fellow-countrymen, for the General has told me that you were born in the neighborhood of Rouen."

"Yes, yes, we are indeed," stammered the Baron, more and more embarrassed.

"He says, too, that your name is Charles Fougeray, and that you have come all the way from America to see us manœuvre. By Heaven, my dear fellow, you arrive in a very good time, and you'll have to wait no longer than to-morow to learn that Frenchmen fight just as well as ever, since they have made Republicans of themselves."

On discovering that Bonaparte had taken the precaution of designating him to his officers under the name he had assumed to deceive the keen commander of the armies of France, the Baron speedily recovered his presence of mind, and all his fears vanished.

"Monsieur," began he, extending his hand to the aide-de-camp.

"Call me comrade," interrupted the latter gaily. "Monsieur is not in fashion in the Army of Italy."

"Well, my dear comrade, thanks—a thousand thanks. It does me good to be received thus after a five years' absence from France."

"You will have plenty of time to thank me, for we start together in an hour's time. Come with me and choose your horse, saddle and sabre."

"With pleasure; but although, thanks to you, I shall be armed for war, I am hardly clad in a style to go into battle."

"Bah! You are very good as you are. I mounted guard for the first time in silk stockings and pumps. But I can loan you a cloak and spurs, and you will be complete."

"Comrade, I surrender," said Aymeric, following his new friend, who walked briskly towards the palace. "So the battle is to take place to-morrow?"

"Probably; that is, provided our good friends the Austrians do not retreat meantime."

"And is it impertinent to ask you where you expect to meet the enemy?"

"We are attacked on all sides on our outposts, and all our generals are asking for reinforcements. Bonaparte has only Massena's division here, and that he is going to lead out to-night. Where he will strike I do not know, but I have no doubt he will choose a good spot to fight the Germans."

"I foresee, then, that in any event the affair is going to be warm."

"Faith, I shall not conceal from you that I wish it may be, for I expect to win the rank of lieutenant-colonel this time."

By this time the two friends had reached a courtyard in the centre of the vast buildings, on which a number of porches from the various hallways of the house opened.

"Come and see the beautiful animal I have had saddled for you," said the aide-de-camp. "You know how to manage a horse, I suppose?"

"Yes, a little. I learned equitation among my other youthful accomplishments."

"I was sure you were a horseman, and I am delighted that I was not in error, for Graziella is a little fively. I bought her from a Piedmontese lieutenant, who got rid of her because she had thrown him several times. But you shall judge for yourself how fiery and active she is. At Arcola she carried me right up to the rear guard of the Austrians and dashed through their lines with me. Without her I should never have won the sabre of honor which I wear."

"Under the old regime, you would have had the Cross of St. Louis."

"Faith, I prefer the sabre, for it will be of service to me in the future. I expect to crack the skull of some Uhlan with it yet."

"The Republic has gained him over to its cause without reserve," thought Candeil; "but the more the pity."

This private reflection did not prevent his examining his promised mount with the eye of a critic, and it did not take him long to assure himself that the beast had not been too highly praised. It was a beautiful sorrel mare, with an exquisite shape of trunk, a fine small head, large, full, intelligent eyes, and slender, active limbs, as slim as a stag's and as promising of speed. There was a blanket rolled and strapped over the cantle, and a brace of pistols peeped from beneath the flaps of the holsters which were thrown over the pommel of the saddle, while a long sabre also hung beside them, suspended by its belt.

Aymeric's martial soul started within him at sight of these preparations—for the court was filled with orderlies holding the horses of the staff, and the cavalry escort was aligned in the passage-way leading to the stables—but he thought it prudent, in order to preserve his incognito, to affect a little embarrassment.

"Really," said he, "when I am perched on this noble animal and fastened to this great sword, I shall appear like one of the civic guards out for a promenade, especially with my tight-fitting coat and my little hat."

"Jacques," said Henri to the orderly, "put on Citizen Fougeray's spurs and give him my cloak and the extra shako I directed you to bring."

In five minutes Candeil was fully equipped. To tell the truth, the little shako was an uncomfortable piece of headgear, the sabre clashed disagreeably against the spurs, and the cloak hung very heavily on his shoulders; but despite these things the Baron put a very good face on his strange situation.

"There you are," said the aide; "now you are ready for a campaign."

"But is the General going to start off this way?" asked Candeil.

"What do you mean by 'this way?'"

"Why—excuse my inexperience—I see a cavalry escort in the court, and a number of officers, but where are the troops?"

"Oh, the troops have been in column for two hours outside of the city awaiting the order to march; but there's not a man among them knows where they are to march to. Nor do I know, either. Massena, their commander, is upstairs there with the commander-in-chief, and probably the plan of campaign is being decided on this very moment. But no one will know it until we are on the march."

"Ah! I understand. They are taking precautions against spies."

"Yes; I see you have military judgment. I suppose the General will take us and his cavalry escort and dash off ahead, while Massena and his division will make a forced march to arrive on the chosen ground by daybreak."

"That is to say he is going to reinforce Joubert in the North or Serrurier in the West, according as the General judges it is better to go to the one side or the other."

"Really, my dear Fougeray, you must have learned strategy at college, as well as equitation. But hold—here is the great chief himself."

Aymeric turned about and saw Bonaparte descending the staircase, leaning on an officer who was as lean as himself, but much taller. This latter person had a head that was too little for his body, a long, slender, uncouth figure, and quite commonplace features, relieved by a pair of eyes that expressed cunning and an indomitable energy.

"That is Massena," whispered the aide-de-camp in his friend's ear; "and wherever we are going to-night I warrant you he will appear to-morrow by daybreak to shake hands with us."

The Baron attentively regarded these two men, whose fame already resounded through Europe. Bonaparte, wrapped in a long cloak of blue cloth, appeared to him more insignificant than he had seemed in the morning. Massena was taller by a head, but there was an indescribable something in the appearance and manner of the smaller man which made it certain to the observer, even at a distance, as to which commanded the other.

They separated shortly, and the commander-in-chief walked a few paces into the court to reach his horse, which, very modestly trapped, was held by a hussar. Five or six aides-de-camp followed him and also made their way towards their horses, saluting Champcervon and the Baron as they passed.

"Ah! You are here," said Bonaparte, looking fixedly at Candeil.

"General, I have profited by the permission you gave me this morning."

"It is well, monsieur. Commandant Champcervon will inform you in regard to your position on the march."

While Aymeric was bowing his thanks, the General mounted and a moment later trotted through the streets of Verona with his escort.

The Baron had modestly taken a position in the rear of the staff, and he found considerable difficulty in keeping the little mare in line with the rest of the officers in the rear rank. Graziella bolted, caracoled and tugged violently at the bit, showing plainly her determination to get rid of her rider. But she had to deal with a strong-willed master, and he held her well in hand, and gave her the spurs freely. It was not long, under this treatment, before she learned that she was controlled by a competent hand, and she accordingly subsided into a decorus traveling gait. Champcervon nodded to Aymeric in sign of approbation, and the rest of the officers began to regard him a little more kindly than at first; for it must be confessed they had whispered among themselves and looked quizzically at the strange costume of the newcomer.

It was dark night by the time they left the city by a different gate from which the Baron had entered with so much difficulty the day before. The moon shone brightly in a cloudless sky, but the air was keenly cold and the horsemen were obliged to draw their cloaks closely about them to enjoy any degree of comfort.

The escort was divided into two bodies. Twenty horsemen trotted fifty paces ahead as an advance guard, Napoleon followed, then a little behind him came his aides-de-camp and orderlies, and finally, some distance back, the rest of the escort as a rear guard. Everyone was silent and attentive. Hardly had they passed a range of hills at the foot of which they had been traveling for three-quarters of an hour, when a series of dull and frequently repeated sounds fell on the ears of the Baron. It was like the rumbling of distant thunder; but he was not deceived—he recognized at once a sound that was very familiar to him. A well-sustained cannonade could alone produce this continuous rolling, which the mountain-echoes brought on nearer and nearer. The battle was going on at this very moment, and only a few leagues from Verona. But at what point was it? That was what he was in no condition to guess, for he knew nothing of the country through which he was passing. In broad daylight, in a case of necessity, he might judge if they were marching towards the Alps or in the contrary direction; but in the night he could discover no landmarks to guide his judgment.

He would very gladly have asked his friend Henri, but the silence seemed a part of the orders of the march, for no one had as yet addressed him a word, and, moreover, the commandant was among the foremost of the staff, while Aymeric still remained in the rear rank; so he resigned himself to blindly follow the fortunes of a man whom he admired much, but loved very little, and had begun to think of quite different subjects from cannon, when he heard Bonaparte's voice:

"Commandant Champcervon," said the General, "bring Citizen Fougeray to me."

Candeil was so absorbed in his thoughts that at the first call he did not recognize his borrowed name. Henri was obliged to turn about in his saddle and inform the Baron of the General's command. Suddenly awakened from his dreams, the emissary of the Black Band almost lost his foothold in the stirrups, so great was his surprise when he comprehended that Bonaparte wished to speak to him. There was indeed much to be astonished at, when a great captain on the eve of giving decisive battle distracted his attention from the grave duties before him by turning aside to talk with an amateur soldier. Such was undoubtedly the opinion of the staff, for all the officers turned about to examine more closely the privileged mortal whom this great honor had sought out in the rear rank.

Aymeric, however, quickly regained his self-possession, and, since he was now completely master of Graziella, made her perform a demi-volt with wonderful dexterity, galloped about the staff, and reined in on the left and a little to the rear of the General.

"Do you know where we are going, monsieur?" asked Bonaparte.

"Into battle, according to all indications, for I hear the cannon," replied Aymeric, not in the least disconcerted.

"Ah! You know that sound, then?"

"Very well, indeed, General; and I will wager even that the affair is taking place in a mountainous country, for the sounds are re-echoed and prolonged unusually."

"Then you know where we are going?"

"No, General. This is the first time I have been in Italy, and I haven't the least idea, I assure you, on which side Mantone lies."

"Why do you mention that point?"

"Because I have learned tha your besieging troops are threatened."

"It is true. Serrurier has on his hands Wurmser, who is defending the place, and Provera, who this morning repulsed our advance guard at Legnano, and is making a forced march to take him in the rear and drive him into the lake. And this is not all. Joubert, who holds the plateaux of Monte Baldo, was attacked this morning by overwhelming forces, and has been obliged to contract his lines."

"He will hold."

"What do you know about it?"

"I only hope it, General."

"You hope it? You who have been fighting against us for five years?"

Aymeric bit his lips; but he resolved to do as Joubert was doing—to hold on to the end.

"General," began he, in a tone in which there was some emotion, "you have found me remiss in some points of political belief, but you may believe me when I say that I am still as much a Frenchman as any officer in the army of the Republic."

"Demonstrate that to me."

"That would be difficult, if you will not consent to take into consideration the station in which I was born, and the education I have received."

"Then you claim that a noble has a right to guide his conduct by other principles than those that are followed by the mass of men."

"Yes, General, when that nobleman has seen his father murdered, his friends proscribed and his property confiscated; but I do not think I need these excuses. I emigrated like the rest of my countrymen who think that where the King of France dwells, there is France."

"I, too, monsieur, was born a gentleman; but I never thought that anyone could carry me about on the soles of his shoes."

"Nor I, either, for I have never fought against Frenchmen that I have not felt twinges of conscience."

"Well, then, do you think you are doing your duty in engaging in a conspiracy against France?"

"Assuredly I do; and I have not the least scruple against attacking the lawyers' government—and it was not I, General, who first gave it that name," replied the Baron.

This time Bonaparte did not reply in one of those brief and cutting phrases which he was so fond of. He said nothing, and his silence embarrassed Candeil much more than the close conversation in the beginning of the interview. But, thinking that his last words had taken effect, he determined not to lose the benefit of them.

"General," said he, with a warmth that was not simulated, "I give you my word of honor that, despite myself and my opinions, I have never taken on myself to wish the defeat of the Republican armies nor to break down the admiration of the people for its soldiers and for those who command them. Last Spring I was in London, where I had gone at the disastrous affair at Quiberon, but ready to start again for Brittany, whither I went finally, and where I fought the entire Summer. Well, each time the gazettes brought us news of your victories I felt proud that I had been born between the Loire and the Garonne. My comrades attempted to prove to me that your victories were an injury to our cause; but I had my opinion still, and I was firm in it."

"It is well, monsieur. You are young, and ——"

"Not much younger than you, General," interrupted Aymeric, who easily found words when he was eager to please.

"You are young, and you will come back to us some day," resumed Bonaparte. "Believe me, France does not want an idle King. Monarchies grow old like men, and the one you advocate and defend has reached the period of decrepitude."

The conspirator made a gesture of dissent.

"You wish to set Louis the Eighteenth on his throne. Where are your means of action? Do you rely on foreign powers? If you do, let me tell you *I* can take care of them. Do you hope that France is going to suddenly repent what it has been doing for eight years, to come and throw itself on its knees before the Count de Provence, and implore his pardon like a schoolboy who has been playing truant? Chimeras are all these hopes, monsieur! Your party has always lived on illusions, and it will probably live on them for some time longer. A battalion of soldiers who would cry 'Long live the King!' would advance your cause more than all the plans and plots and high-sounding speeches of your dandy aristocrats."

"I know it, General, and that is why I have come to Italy; but, since you ask the question, allow me to say that our hopes are serious. To be sure, dandies make very poor soldiers, but we have others besides them. Our organization embraces all of France, divided into two grand commands—the one comprising the North and West, the other the middle country and the East. The Republican troops, in camp at Sablons, at the very gates of Paris, are discontented; we are in communication with several officers on duty there, and when I have told you their names you will see that ——"

"Enough, monsieur!" said Bonaparte imperiously. "You forget that you speak to the commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy."

Candeil, thus cut short, bowed gravely, and reined his horse back to regain his position in the rear rank, for he thought that the interview must now be at an end.

"The cannonade has ceased," said Bonaparte in a low tone, as if to himself. "The fate of this day has been decided. What will be to-morrow's?" Then, after a moment's reflection, he turned towards the Baron and said abruptly: "At two o'clock to-night I shall be on the plateau of Rivoli. Massena will reach there in the morning, and to-morrow night the Austrian army ——" He broke off suddenly and said, lowering his voice: "To-morrow night, monsieur, I will make you a lieutenant on the field of battle. That will be worth more to you than anything you can gain in this silly conspiracy for the Count de Provence. Go, monsieur, and rejoin your comrades."

TO BE CONTINUED.

EMILY SOLDENE, OPERATIC VOCALIST.

MISS SOLDENE

was born in Claremont square, Islington, London, Eng., and early in life became a pupil of Howard Glover, who gave her an opportunity to make her debut at a concert given by him Jan. 9, 1865, when she impersonated Azucena, in the second act of "Il Trovatore," with flattering success. Under the name of Miss Fitzhenry, she secured an engagement in 1867 in the Oxford Music Hall, singing ballads in the olio and taking part in the performances of Offenbach's opera-bouffes, which were then produced in elaborate style by Charles Morton. In 1869 she was engaged at the Standard Theatre to sing the title-role in "The Grand Duchess," and made a hit. She next sang Bonlotte in "La Barbe Bleue." In 1870 she made a provincial tour, and, returning to London, was engaged to give a series of performances in the Crystal Palace. From there she went to the Lyceum Theatre, where she played Marguerite in "Little Faust" and the title-character in "Chilperic." After the termination of this engagement she assumed the stage direction of the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington, and produced "Genevieve de Brabant," which had a long run, owing in no small degree to the excellence of her portrayal of the character of Drogan. In 1874 she, with a carefully selected company, came to this country, and made a fairly successful tour of the principal cities and towns, and then returned to England. She again visited the United States in November, 1876, and was received with much kindness. In June, 1877, she sailed from San Francisco, Cal., with her company, for New Zealand and Australia, and made a tour of those colonies, which, although pecuniarily successful at first, had a somewhat disastrous ending. After receiving a farewell benefit in June, 1878, in the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, under distinguished patronage, she, with the principal artists of her troupe, sailed for England. She reappeared in London Sept. 16 of that year in the Alhambra Theatre, playing her favorite role of Drogan, and after the close of her engagement there started on a provincial tour. In private life the lady is Mrs. Powell.

TURNCOAT.—The opprobrious epithet turncoat took its rise from one of the first Dukes of Savoy, whose dominions lying open to the incursions of the two contending houses of Spain and France, he was obliged to temporize and fall in with that power that was most likely to distress him, according to the success of their arms against one another. So, being frequently obliged to change sides, he humorously got a coat made that was blue on one side and white on the other, and might be indifferently worn either side out. While on the Spanish interest he wore the blue side out, and the white side was the badge for the French. From hence he was called Emmanuel, surnamed Turncoat, by way of distinguishing him from other princes of the same name of that house.—*London Athenæum.*

WAITING FOR THE DEVIL.—A deep well at Stockton, Kansas, has run dry, and is emitting sulphurous fumes. Mr. Dappin, firmly believing that the bottom has fallen into hell, maintains a position day and night at the opening, with an axe at hand, ready to kill the Devil when he emerges.

AN EXCHANGE says "in estimating the speed of professional walkists you must take them as they run."

"MORAL MUSINGS."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. H. M. CUSHING,
BY EDWARD W. ORRIN.

Day retires, night approaches from the East,
Soft-falling dews suggest that angels weep;
Celestial formings in the West have ceased,
Enshrouded silence tells that all's asleep.
My nightly chums are twinkling far above,
My floral friends have all begun to nod,
And as my heart expands with divine love,
In solitude I stand with Nature's God.
This august presence fills my soul with thought—
My good, my ill deeds crowd around me fast,
And all combine to form, though now unsought,
One universal mirror of my past.
The errors of my way I see as plain
As if in sunlight they did blazon now;
And, though my smitten conscience thrills with pain,
Grand hope prevails as to His court I bow.
No chiding judge, no croaking lawyers here,
No chanting priest, no sinning pastor's voice,
No advising friend dictates what to fear—
The very stillness makes my heart rejoice.
With potent worship all my fibres glow,
My sacred dreams go far beyond the tomb;
Reforms created for the future flow
As though impelled by angels in the gloom.
I thank the night, with this grand calmness fraught—
Aye! nothing could my soul more purify—
Love fills my heart and sanctifies my thought,
Dumb Nature thus our God to glorify.

Cushing Station, Dover, N. H.

A FATAL LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HUBERT H. DUVAR.

During the days when Napoleon the Great was First Consul, before he had placed upon his brow the imperial diadem, one of Josephine's dearest friends and one of her maids-of-honor was Zanetta De Valliant. Like the gentle and unfortunate future Empress, she had Creole blood in her veins, and was acknowledged to be the most rarely beautiful lady in the whole court, which even then was held with more than regal state.

Among the younger proteges of Napoleon were two twin brothers named Charles and Paul Boisguerny. Their age was only twenty-five, and, though they had risen from the ranks, as all had to do, their birth was noble. Their father had perished on the guillotine during the Reign of Terror, and his estates were, of course, confiscated to the Republic. These last, however, the Consul had restored, no doubt intending also to revive the marquisate in the coming days when he himself assumed the imperial honors, and strove to gather around his throne all the old noblesse of France. They both were distinguished for the same dashing bravery with which Murat, *le beau sabreur*, fought his way until he became King of Naples. They were also in the same branch of the service, and held equal rank to that of lieutenant-general, each commanding a regiment of hussars.

Both were singularly handsome, almost exactly alike in person and figure as they were in temperament, which combined all the dash and daring of the soldier of fortune with the pride and chivalry of the noble race from which they sprang. They had always been much attached to each other, and nothing had occurred to disturb the harmony of their fraternal feeling until both their regiments came to be quartered in Paris. There they saw, and both fell madly in love at first sight with, Mademoiselle De Vaillant. An estrangement gradually grew between them. Not that the lady showed any preference for either, as she treated them with equal courtesy, but each fancied the other had usurped his place in her affections, until they both felt it must come to an open quarrel if something definite was not done.

"Brother," the elder said one day, coming into the other's quarters, "in everything we are equal save in the accident that I was born half an hour sooner than yourself, and am therefore the marquis and the head of the family. The Consul has honored us in all other things alike, and your rank and position is to-day as high as my own. Why should you and I quarrel? We both love Mademoiselle De Vaillant. Let us go like gentlemen and ask her to choose between us. By her decision let us abide, and let this our first estrangement be our last."

The younger man grasped his brother's hand warmly in assent to the proposition. That same afternoon they called together upon the young lady and asked for her decision. What could the girl say, taken wholly by surprise at this outrageous manner of proposal, but what she did?—that the question was wholly unexpected, that she respected them both, admired them for their bravery, and would be glad always to look upon them as friends, but she could really give them no answer, having known them so short a time. Perhaps, also, something of a woman's natural pique at the fact of their having shown so plainly that even for her sake neither cared to break their fraternal friendship made her answer more distant and reserved than it would otherwise have been.

"It seems she is yet to be won by both of us, *mon frere*," the elder said as they left the apartment. "Let the best man win."

"So be it," the other answered.

The tones of both were cordial, but this time their hands did not join. The feeling of jealousy was once more in both their breasts, and they felt they were again rivals. That same evening the Consul gave a grand reception. At the ball that followed, the elder of the brothers asked Mademoiselle De Vaillant to dance with him. She refused, pleading fatigue, and the young man, walking away in chagrin, stood in the shadow of a doorway twirling his long moustache discontentedly. He had stood thus for a few moments when his brother accosted the young lady and made the same request. She rose with a smile, and, taking his arm, in a few moments they had joined the waltzers.

With a frown dark as midnight gathering on his face, the other watched them as they glided along to the measure of the soft, dreamy music. When the dance was ended, and the young man had taken his partner back to her seat, the other crossed the room to where he was, and laid his hand upon his arm.

"So it seems you had a secret understanding between you," he said, "and both acted the part of liars and traitors to me."

Probably what followed neither knew until both stood facing each other in the farther corner of the garden beyond the palace, each with a pistol in his hand, and a wild, maddened craving for vengeance in his breast.

It was a night in midwinter, and the snow lay more than a foot deep upon the ground, while a few feathery flakes had begun to fall from the skies. In the secluded spot they had chosen, the report of their pistols would pass unnoticed among the sound of the music and the dancers' feet in the salon they had left. They stood six paces apart, the flames half turned from each other and their eyes fixed upon the flickering flame of a pocket-taper stuck in the bark of a tree, the extinguishing of which was the signal agreed upon between them to deliver their fire.

Their whole attention concentrated on the flickering flame, they did not see, and on the snow-covered ground they could not hear, the footfalls of a young girl, whose agonized excitement sealed her lips, rushing with all her speed towards them to try and stay them in their murderous design.

They only saw the taper. It flickered, played up fitfully for a moment, and then went out. Simultaneously they both turned and fired. The younger brother reeled and staggered, for the bullet had grazed his forehead, but the elder stood unharmed. In his arms, however, he held the inanimate form of Zanetta De Vaillant, who had sprung before him to save him, and received in her own fair bosom the bullet intended for himself.

He gazed into her pallid face for an instant, and then a groan of agony burst from his lips. He had looked upon death in every form too often not to know this was it. He laid his inanimate burden upon the snowy ground, and then walked to where his brother stood, overwhelmed by the unconscious tragedy he had committed.

"We both must die now," he said in a firm voice, but from which all passion had flown. "He who survives must die by his own hand."

The other did not speak, but silently bowed his head in token of assent. Then they rapidly reloaded their pistols, and stood once more facing each other in the light of the falling snow. They took deliberate aim at each other's hearts, while the elder, in a voice stern and pitiless as destiny, counted slowly "One, two, three!"

This time the report of both pistols rang out simultaneously, and each fell backward dead upon the ground. All night long the music still sounded in the distant ballroom, and the dancers' feet kept time to the enlivening strains. Out in the streets and the open country the snow fell thicker and thicker. In this secluded corner of the gardens it fell upon the trampled and bloody ground as if in pity hiding all traces of the tragic scene from view. When the morning broke clear and calm, and the line of gilded carriages rolled away from the palace-door, nothing but the three corpses, stiff and rigid beneath their crystal coverlet, told the story of the tragedy that had been enacted.

A LARGE FARM.—The largest cultivated wheat farm on the globe is said to be the Grondin farm, not far from the town of Fargo, Dakota. It embraces some 40,000 acres, both Government and railway land, and lies close to the Red River. Divided into four parts, it has dwellings, granaries, machine-shops, elevators, stables for 200 horses, and room for storing 1,000,000 bushels of grain. Besides the wheat farm, there is a stock farm of 20,000 acres. In seeding time, 70 to 80 men are employed, and during harvest 250 to 300 men. Seeding begins about April 9, and continues through the month, and is done very systematically, the machines following one another around the field some four rods apart. Cutting begins about Aug. 8, and ends the forepart of September, succeeded by the threshing, with eight steam threshers. After threshing the stubble ground is ploughed with great ploughs, drawn by three horses and cutting two furrows, and this goes on until the weather is cold enough to freeze, usually about Nov. 1. There are many other large farms in the Territory. The average yield of the Dakota wheat farm is from 20 to 25 bushels per acre.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

MASON, Helena.—D. is clear. Having beaten one of his opponents, he could not possibly have been tied if T. and J. had not, by a private arrangement between themselves, complicated matters. This arrangement—J.'s giving T. the odds of ten points—had nothing to do with D., and therefore the loss of the game is, first of all, between J. and T. As J. failed to give T. ten points and beat him, it is plain that J. should pay for the game. Nothing can be clearer, either, than that if J. gave ten to T., who played even with D., he should have given ten to D. also; and in that event a similar application as to winning and losing would have placed the loss of the game equally upon all three.

H. M., Morristown.—1. Many club-swingers have the clubs which they use for performances on the stage made to order, because by so doing they can use those which, while they are quite large in size, weigh no more than smaller ones that are made solid. W. J. Judd, 131 Henry street, this city, could probably make such for you. The weight of the clubs used by most performers is a professional secret. There is no deception intended. Large clubs are more effective for stage purposes than small ones, and no statement is made as to their weight or whether they are solid or not. 2. Cannot say where Sam Cole is at present. 3. Either one or both are good, provided you do not exercise too much at any one time.

H. A. J., Brooklyn.—1. The proper way is to carry the count in one's head as the cards come in, and not to look back at the cards and count them. Neither B nor C did this. 2. Properly, 40 cannot be melted after 150 in trumps. This is at pinochle as ordinarily played. At double or treble pinochle, however, many queer things are done, and it is useless to attempt to follow the conflicting practices. For our own peace of mind we prefer to take no notice of pinochle after it goes beyond the legitimate game—that of a single pack.

C. N., Paducah.—It is not positively known which is absolutely the longest river in the world. It may be the Nile or the Amazon. There is also another way of looking at the matter, and in that view there is a river that is longer than either the Nile or the Amazon. If you had stated the objects, or the conflicting claims, we would know just what we are expected to decide.

T. J. J.—1. West Australian, gladiateur and Lord Lyon are the animals that have headed the triple event of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby and St. Leger. 2. James Merry, English turfman, died in London Feb. 4, 1877. 3. Iroquois won the Derby in 1875.

J. U., Cincinnati.—C won the moment that B acknowledged that the cards shown by C were the winning ones. B's subsequent discovery, through the aid of friends or without it, that he had a "full hand," when he had seen only "three of a kind," is of no avail.

MAY, Louisville.—R. H. Morrell, 78 Nassau street, this city, may be able to supply you with engravings of many of the old English actors, and you can get photographs of modern English actors of Edwin Reid, manager *Figaro* office, 35 St. Bride street, London, E. C., Eng.

J. G., Alexandria.—1. A triple somersault has never been turned over horses; but it has been accomplished in another manner. 2. We do not know his whereabouts. A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him. 3. We believe it is not published.

B. B. B.—It is not necessary that he should continue until he has walked the full distance, although in a match the consent of his opponent backers must be obtained before he can stop and claim the stakes. Bets on the result stand in any case, but time bets are off.

J. MCG., Hudson.—We cannot state positively whether he has a circus and is traveling this season or not. Some few weeks ago he was in Texas, trying to start a Mexican circus, which had met with disaster there; but we have not yet learned the result.

W. W. J., Toronto.—"1. After two strikes have been called, does the batter receive warning by a fair ball being called or not? 2. Have the foul balls to be fair to or bound?" ....1. Yes. 2. On the fly by National rules, which govern all clubs outside the eight League clubs.

HARRY.—As you will see by the score in another column, the Stars and Clevelands have played off their game postponed from May 16, with the result of a victory for the former.

PILGRIMS.—Riverton, N. J., is about half an hour's ride from Philadelphia, and has a nine composed of amateurs from the last-named city. Their secretary's address is Chas. E. Flanagan, P. O. Box 2,486, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. A. B., Arlington Heights.—The Ellsworth Zouaves were in Wilcox's Brigade, Heintzelman's Division, at Bull Run. They were charged upon by two companies of Stuart's Cavalry—Carter's and Hoge's.

W. E. H., West Jordan, Utah.—Address the respective managers of the League clubs, and they may give you the desired information as to where you can obtain photographs of their nines.

J. D., Fort Harrey.—The condition being that highest throw should take first prize, and next highest the second prize, the two parties who each threw 37 take both prizes. The thrower of 36 gets nothing.

J. S. W., Evansville.—His hand is foul, and he loses all. He had to discover the six cards before he either looked at their faces or raised them, in order to have the error rectified.

A. P. L., Cresco.—"If a batsman in striking at the ball is out of or steps out of his position, can it be called a foul strike, and should he be called out for striking, whether he hits the ball or not?".... Only when he strikes the ball.

F. R., Marion.—All are excellent equestrians; J. R. was some years ago considered the "one-armed" of the order. No contest was ever held to properly decide who is the male or female champion equestrian.

C. B., Cincinnati.—Call on Frederick Warrington in this country who wants a boy to travel with him to learn to be an actor. Try and get an engagement to play small parts in some theatre or with some traveling company.

A. B. S., Fishkill.—Write to C. B. Elliott, Greenpoint, L. I., John Kyle, Harlem, N. Y., and Thos. Fearon, Yonkers, N. Y.

C. H., St. Louis.—Molineux beat Burrows, Rimmer, Carter and Fuller, was beaten by Tom Cribb (twice) and Cooper, and fought a draw with Fuller.

C. H. S., St. Louis.—The rough-and-tumble fight between Morrissey and Poole took place on Amos-street dock, this city, July 27, 1854.

J. F., Lynn.—When it is noon in Boston, it is six minutes to eleven A. M. in Chicago. Boston is sixty-six minutes ahead.

RAMBLER, Troy.—In the case you mention the base-runner was "not out," as he was prevented from making second base by the second-baseman's obstruction.

C. De L., Susquehanna.—Yes, a couple of trained bears exhibited in this city some years ago. They were advertised as "Grizzly Adams and his Trained Bears."

Q. R., San Francisco.—1. April, 1855. 2. We prefer not to answer such personal questions. 3. Papers of that date have been out of print for years. 4. About $150 a week.

B. F., Newport.—We fancy that you will find it very difficult to get *Bell's Life* from 1837 to '41, and we cannot say what the cost would be.

M. J. E., Preston.—Such a game could not have been stopped except with the consent of both clubs, it rates as an abandoned one, and the bet is off.

FRED, Baltimore.—At the figures you quote, Victor Chief was the non-favorite, the proportion being as 8 to 1 compared with 4½ to 1.

F. R., Troy.—There is no landing at Far Rockaway, which is on the ocean. The boats stop at Rockaway, on the inland side.

PROF. M., Loogootee.—Almost any gymnast will give her instruction during the Winter season; but in the Summer they are engaged traveling.

J. H.—If there was time to object beforehand, there could be no objection urged against the shuffle after the cards had been cut.

A READER, Gilman.—1. The cornet was made by H. Distan, 255 Bowery, New York. 2. He first appeared here with the Parepa-Rosa Concert Company.

A. M., Chicago.—We cannot decide your bet, because we have not an accurate catalogue of all the animals in the various zoological collections in Europe.

CONSTANT READER, Hamburgh.—There are no complete rules published. 2. Will cheerfully answer, if they are not too numerous.

AUBURN.—If the cards were shuffled, and fairly cut, it was too late for the third party to demand that he be allowed to shuffle

1879.

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the ladies is making Sparling the winner. There is, however, fresh provocation for a revival of the old clamor as to requiring the owner of two or more horses in a race to declare beforehand with which he proposes to win..... The Juvenile Stakes, for two-year-olds, $400 each, $40 added, half a mile, was next on the card. It had a field of eleven, and was easily won by Sensation (110lb), the race having it nearly between him and Ethel (107lb), who finished three lengths behind. Time, 0:50..... The last event was a dash of a mile and one furlong, $350, all ages, selling race. There were only three starters, Balance All being regarded as an almost certain winner; but as he had to carry 115lb, while Baton Rouge had only 87lb on him, the advantage possessed by the latter proved too great to be overcome, and he won the post with a lead of two lengths, Lucky Hit being third by ten lengths, he failing to stay the distance. Time, 2:02¾.

To-day (Tuesday, June 3) is the third day of the meeting, when five races will take place, including the Maryland Stakes and Westchester Cup, for which latter Bramble, Bonnie Wood, Lonlainier, Gen. Phillips, Spartan, Danichef and Belle will probably start.

BELMONT PARK RACES.

A meeting was held on this Philadelphia track last week, commencing May 27, with a trot for horses that had never beaten 2:20, $500, divided among three. First money was won by Scotland, second by Richard, third by Gray Salem. Time, 2:23¾, 2:23¼, 2:26½. The second event was for 2:40 horses, $300, eleven starting, and Jessie Maud winning, in 2:31, 2:31, 2:31¼; Edgard was second and Bob Scott third. The trotting on the second day began with a race for 2:26 horses, $500, in which Gray Chief won in 2:23, 2:23, 2:26½; Gray Salem second, and Gilbert third. The fourth event was for 2:31 horses, $300, Sam French taking the first two heats and Jennie L. the three following. Time, 2:37½, 2:32, 2:31, 2:34½, 2:41. On May 29 the sport was commenced by horses of the 2:25 class, $500, three starting and Darby winning in 2:27¾, 2:23½, 2:27. Irene took second and Gray Salem third money. This was followed by a pacing race, free for all, $300, which was won by Clinker, taking the third, fourth and fifth heats. The first heat and second money were taken by Comet, Hilltop coming third money. The second heat was won by Little Mac, who was distanced in the next. Time, 2:28¼, 2:30½, 2:26¾, 2:29, 2:32½. The meeting closed on May 30, when the first contest was between 2:29 horses, $500, the first money falling to Daisy Dare, second to Lady Blessington, and third to John S. Clarke. Time, 2:29, 2:32, 2:31. The next contest was for horses of the 2:34 class, $300, eleven starters. The first heat was won by Martha, second by Ethel Medium, the third and second money by Pearl, and the three following, and first money by Jessie Maud. Time, 2:33, 2:30, 2:31, 2:31, 2:33½. Hopeful now made an attempt, for a special purse, to beat Goldsmith Maid's time over the track; but he failed, the time for the three heats being 2:21, 2:17½, 2:17½.

TEN-MILE TROT.—A match for $500, to beat ten miles, in harness, between John Murphy's s. g. Orange Billy and W. McMahon's b. g. Jack Stewart, was decided in presence of a large number of holiday-makers on Decoration Day, May 30, at the Brooklyn Driving Park, Parkville, L. I. The track was in superb condition, having been very carefully prepared. Stewart led for three miles and a half, when he broke, and was passed, the fourth mile being completed with him a length to the bad. He never again got in front, and after going six miles and a half he was pulled up and taken from the track, he having gone lame. Murphy did not try for time, merely jogging around until the ten miles were finished in 33m. 41s.

SILVER MAID, a winner at the recent Nashville meeting, was cut down in a mile-and-a-half dash at Louisville last week.

THE DERBY.

Sir Bevys Wins, Pemberton Second, Visconti Third.

The one hundredth renewal of the Derby Stakes is among the events of the past, and people haven't yet ceased wondering at the unusual circumstance of three outsiders obtaining places in the big event of the English turf calendar. The same animated scenes which year after year are repeated were again witnessed on the Downs by the same immense throng of people, who combined the excitement of the great race with holiday-making and indulgences in the pranks and practical joking which are recognized as part and parcel of the occasion. The cable brings the following account of the contest:

LONDON, May 28.—The race for the Derby Stakes took place on Epsom Downs to-day. The weather in the morning was unpromising. The sky was overcast, the wind variable, and the rain of yesterday and last night threatened a very heavy track. But as the hour for the great event approached the clouds broke, the weather became bright and warm, with a generally favorable though unsettled wind, and a vast crowd gathered upon the Downs to witness the contest. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, went down to Epsom by train. Much disappointment was manifested by the Americans, who attended the race in large numbers, at the withdrawal of Mr. Lorillard's Uncas, who was scratched. The betting at the start was nine to two against Cadogan, eleven to two against Charibert, six to one against Victor Chief, one hundred to nine against Ruperra, one hundred to nine against Zut, one hundred to eight against Falmouth, twenty to one against Caxtonian, twenty to one against Sir Bevys, twenty-five to one against Rayon D'Or, twenty-five to one against the Abbot of St. Mary's, fifty-five to one against George Albert, one hundred to one against Wackum, one hundred and twenty-five to one against Squirrel, and three hundred and thirty-three to one against Nutbush. The start was effected at 3.17 o'clock P. M., after three false trials, and, after a sharp contest, Mr. Acton's br. c. Sir Bevys won the race by three-quarters of a length; Mr. John Trotter's c. c. Palmbearer came in second, and Lord Rosebery's b. c. Visconti third. There was a length between second and third horses. Count F. De Lagrange's c. c. Prologue, who does not appear in the betting, also ran, ridden by Dodge. The favorite, Cadogan, was never dangerous, and when it came to racing he disappointed his jockey. Constance, terribly, as he failed to respond to the summons. The other favorites failed to stay, and in some instances shut up like snails. The victory of Sir Bevys was most unexpected and a genuine surprise. Lord Norrey bred the winner and still owns him. Mr. Acton, who won the Baron Rendell Rothschild, who has leased Sir Bevys for racing purposes, and whose colors were loudly cheered at the finish. Joseph Hayhoe, the trainer of the winner, was heartily congratulated on the result.

Sir Bevys, who has thus unexpectedly been brought into prominence as the winner of the ribbon of the English turf, was bred by Lord Norreys, his sire being Tavonius, who won the Derby in 1871. His dam was Lady Langden, who was by Kettledrum (also a Derby winner) out of Idalia, by Newminster. Sir Bevys's career as a two-year-old was not promising, he winning but one out of four events for which he started, in two of which he was unplaced, his only win being a three-fourths-of-a-mile race at Newmarket last October, his engagements are five in number, the winner Cup, for three-year-olds, two miles, and the Bunbury Stakes, for all ages, two miles, both to be run for at Newmarket July 3; the Grand Prize of Paris, at Chantilly, June 8; the Doncaster St. Leger, Sept. 10; and the Newmarket Select Stakes, Oct. 8. Palmbearer, second, also won two races, the Two Thousand Stakes, out of seven for which he started in 1878, while Visconti's only win was the Berry Moss Stakes Sept. 30 last.

THE EPSOM RACES.

Parole Wins the Gold Cup—The Oaks Won by Wheel of Fortune.

Two important events were decided at Epsom, Eng., on May 30—the races for the Epsom Gold Cup, in which Americans were most interested on account of Mr. Lorillard's Parole being among the contestants, and the Oaks Stakes. Parole was the favorite for the first and Wheel of Fortune for the second, and both horses won as they pleased. The cable brings the following particulars:

THE GOLD CUP.

LONDON, May 30, 1879.

Not the least important item on the Epsom card to-day was the Epsom Gold Cup. The vast assemblage on the Downs looked forward to the contest with an eagerness and an anticipation that were remarkable. The interest thus shown in the race was due to the presence of the American representative, Parole, who had not been seen in public since his victory in the great Chesterfield Handicap, at Chester, in the early part of the present month. While the masses desired to see the famous American, the professional ranks lamented the announcement that he would run for the Cup, as they felt that the ten pounds allowance granted him and the extreme length of the race by his being bred in America placed the event at his mercy. The decision of the stewards yesterday upon the question submitted by Lord Rosebery whether Parole should be allowed the reduction of ten pounds because of his previous visits to England was very gratifying to the friends of Mr. Lorillard's stable. The stewards held that the allowance was inevitable and consistent with the spirit and letter of the race, whatever the previous triumphs he had been credited with. The race consequently attracted eighteen subscribers, many of them being well-known and successful performers. Of the eighteen there were, besides Parole, only four others colored on the card. There were H. E. Beddington's Alchemist, F. Cooper's Primrose, Lord Ellesmere's Alpha and Lord Hastings' Breadthlan. The Derby horse Alpha, who finished among the last of the twenty-three runners for the Blue Ribbon on Wednesday, and Breadthlan, also a three-year-old, failed to come to the post. Thus the starters for the Cup were Parole, 6yrs., by Leamington out of Maiden by Lecturer, 125lb; Alchemist, 6yrs., by Rosicrucian out of Gold Dust, 112lb; and Primrose, 3yrs., by Mentmore out of Gloire de Dijon, 105lb. Parole led the promenade of the trio from the paddock to the course. Passing the stand, the stranger commanded much admiration. He was the picture of health and condition, and fit to go the trying course. Alchemist and Primrose also came in for a share of attention, though the American received the most notice. So superior were the chances of Parole regarded, he was a great favorite, the bookmakers betting 5 to 1 on him to win, while 11 to 4 were the rates against Alchemist, and 25 to 1 against Primrose. One bet of 1,000 to 15 against Alchemist was taken just before the horses were sent on their journey. Jeffrey rode Alchemist, North rode Primrose, and Morbey was on the back of Parole. The last jumped away at the start, and alternately led with Primrose at a slow pace until turning into the straight, when the pace was quickened. Alchemist here challenged the leader, and, under whip and spur, closed up the distance between them; but Parole, untouched by whip, won a fine race without trouble. Alchemist was second and Primrose third. *The Sportsman* says: "With Parole's victory, foreign horses may bid farewell to any allowance in weight-for-age cups." The value of the cup was £850, which makes Parole's winnings on the English turf £4,020.

THE OAKS STAKES.

The race to-day was the one hundred and first renewal of the great event, and of 187 subscribers there appeared at the post only eight competitors. These, however, were of exceptional merit, and as follows: The Duke of Westminster's brown filly Adventure, by Adventurer out of Kate Dayrell; P. Dawson's bay filly Commandel II, by Macaroni out of Pearl; Lord Falmouth's bay filly Wheel of Fortune, by Adventurer out of Queen Bertha; T. Jennings' bay filly Japonica, by See Saw out of Jeannette; A. C. Barclay's chestnut filly Philippine, by Albert Victor out of Noyau; Lord Falmouth's bay filly Leap Year, by Kingcraft out of Wheat Ear; Mr. Savile's Amice, by The Palmer out of Ravioli; and James Snarry's bay filly Jessie Agnes, by Macaroni out of Polly Agnes. Just before the start the betting was 3 to 1 on Wheel of Fortune, 8 to 1 against Japonica, and 6 to 1 against Philippine, so strong a favorite was Wheel of Fortune, the betting was not animated, and, as the race was conceded almost a gift to her, the circumstance detracted somewhat, perhaps, from the interest of the contest. Archer rode Wheel of Fortune. The start was excellent, the whole lot running in a line for nearly a distance, when Coromandel II went to the front and maintained this position until the straight was reached. Here Wheel of Fortune took up the running, and, drawing past Coromandel II, quickly placed the latter well behind her, and then, holding her own to the end, Wheel of Fortune won an easy one in a canter by three lengths. Coromandel was four lengths in front of Adventure, third, and the others at irregular intervals behind.

THE LOUISVILLE RACES.

The races set for May 26 at Louisville, Ky., were on account of rain postponed until next day, when the track was wet and heavy and the sport interesting, and there was considerable falling-off in the attendance. Keene Richards Jr. was an easy winner of the mile-heat race, Ada Glenn second and Sally Polk third in the first heat. Pomeroy was second in the second heat, and Ada Glenn third. Time, 1:46¾ and 1:46. Ada Glenn was a great favorite, and lost the first heat by bad riding. The second race, the Clark Stake, dash two miles, was easily won by Falsetto; Buckner second, Trinidad third, Mary Ann fourth, General Pike fifth, Borax sixth, Wissahickon seventh, the order being Alpha and Lord Hastings' Breadthlan. The Derby horse Alpha, who finished among the last of the twenty-three runners for the Blue Ribbon on Wednesday, and Breadthlan, also a three-year-old, failed to come to the post. Thus the starters for the Cup were Parole, 6yrs., by Leamington out of Maiden by Lecturer, 125lb; Alchemist, 6yrs., by Rosicrucian out of Gold Dust, 112lb; and Primrose, 3yrs., by Mentmore out of Gloire de Dijon, 105lb. Parole led the promenade of the trio from the paddock to the course. Passing the stand, the stranger commanded much admiration. He was the picture of health and condition, and fit to go the trying course. Alchemist and Primrose also came in for a share of attention, though the American received the most notice. So superior were the chances of Parole regarded, he was a great favorite, the bookmakers betting 5 to 1 on him to win, while 11 to 4 were the rates against Alchemist, and 25 to 1 against Primrose. One bet of 1,000 to 15 against Alchemist was taken just before the horses were sent on their journey. Jeffrey rode Alchemist, North rode Primrose, and Morbey was on the back of Parole. The last jumped away at the start, and alternately led with Primrose at a slow pace until turning into the straight, when the pace was quickened. Alchemist here challenged the leader, and, under whip and spur, closed up the distance between them; but Parole, untouched by whip, won a fine race without trouble. Alchemist was second and Primrose third. *The Sportsman* says: "With Parole's victory, foreign horses may bid farewell to any allowance in weight-for-age cups." The value of the cup was £850, which makes Parole's winnings on the English turf £4,020.

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A very successful meeting was concluded on Wednesday afternoon, May 28, when the gathering was large, the weather fine and the track fast. The first race, three-quarter-mile heats, brought six starters —Egypt, Bettie F., Glendalia, Omera, Joe Rhodes and Grigsby. Egypt was a strong favorite, and won easily in two straight heats in 1:16 and 1:17. Grigsby was second in both heats ..... The second race was the J. W. Alley Purse, a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for beaten two-year-olds, and it had eight starters—Amazon, Sistova, Bancroft, Beeswing, Tipsey, Mendelssohn, Moderator and a Gilroy filly. Amazon and Mendelssohn sold about even in the pools. Neither of them got a good start, and the first half was run in a jumble, Amazon, however, taking the lead for on the stretch and won by half a length, Bancroft second and Mendelssohn third. Time, 1:17¼. ..... The third race, the Merchants' Stake, dash of one and one-eighth miles, brought to the string 13. They were L'Argentine, McHenry, Goodnight, Little Ruffin, Bill Bass, Krupp Gun, Llatunah, Blue Eyes, Glenmore, King Faro, Verdict, Essillah and Incommode. It was one of the best contests of the meeting. Blue Eyes (110lb) was the favorite, and won after a very pretty race in 1:54¾, which is within one and one-quarter seconds of the fastest time on record for the distance. The horses were well bunched nearly all the way, and there was fine playing for position. Llatunah led for the first three-quarters of a mile, and then gave up, coming fourth under the string, Little Ruffin being second, and Goodnight third ..... There was little interest felt in the fourth race. It was a dash of one mile, for which there were five starters. Enquiress and Virgilian alternated as the favorite in the pools, but the race was won by Bill Bass, who had run in the mile-and-an-eighth dash. His contestants were D. F. Kenner, Enquiress, Bill Dillon and Virgilian. The Enquirer colts have been exceedingly fortunate this meeting, winning all the large stakes except the Derby, and in that taking second money.

THE FIRST MEETING at the Bradford (Pa.) Driving Park took place on Saturday, May 24, on which occasion a large crowd was in attendance. The 3min. class purse, $200, was won by Nettie Van in three straight heats, Standard second, P. H. Best third, Kitty fourth. No time. The 2.40 class had two starters, $100; won by Minnie Mack, Dick Smith second. A match running race, half-mile dash, $100 a side, between Lady Gray and Billy Marsh, was won by the former.

THE MATCH against time—in which S. Foster Dewey bet Wm. Dewey $250 that the latter's bay mare Lady Everhard could not trot a mile in harness in 2.40—was decided at Fleetwood Park, Morrisania, N. Y., May 27. John Murphy held the ribbons, and the mare won at the second trial, the first heat being trotted in 2:46, and the next in 2:38.

INFORMATION is wanted of David Edward Sheehan, who in 1874 was employed at the Oakland (Cal.) Driving Park. Should this meet the eye of anyone acquainted with his whereabouts, they will confer a favor by sending his address to his mother, Mrs. Eliza Curran, St. Catharines, Canada.

THE SPRING MEETING of the Wingham (O.) Driving Park Association took place May 24. The programme consisted of five races, but only the three following filled: 2:40 trot, $110; Avenue Boy first, Oddfellow second, Factory Boy third. Running race, $105; Little Bessie first, Sleepy Tom second. Open trot, $125; Lucy first, Johnny Gordon second.

AT PROSPECT PARK, L. I., on May 29, two matches were decided in presence of a small gathering. The first was for $100 a side, Mazie's Belle Ray and W. Thom's Toitsome, the former winning in 2:44½, 2:52 and 2:37½. The other was for $200, and was won by C. S. Green's Jewess, defeating B. H. Demarest's Key West. Time, 2:33, 2:28¾, 2:29.

JAMES KEENE of New York, who purchased Spendthrift last December, is negotiating for the purchase of J. W. Hunt Reynolds' b. c. Falsetto, winner of the Phœnix Hotel Stake at Lexington and Clark Stake at Louisville. He is entered in the Travers and Kenner Stakes at Saratoga. It will take $12,000 to get him.

THE STOCK SALES which have been in progress in Middle Tennessee for the past three days are panning out well, and breeders are well satisfied with the prices obtained, considering money matters.

AT THE REGULAR SUMMER MEETING at Bradford, Pa., commencing June 24 and lasting four days, the management have added a purse of $300 for pacers, 2:24 class, making the total premiums $5,300.

GOLDBUG, by John Morgan, dam Bouquet, winner of a three-quarter dash at Louisville, has been purchased by Green Morris, owner of Egypt and Bill Dillon. Price, $650.

OLIVER TOWLES purchased of Jas. A. Grinstead his chestnut colt Bumble Bee, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Belladonna.

ATHLETIC.

THE 75-HOUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

The seventy-five-hour heel-and-toe walk for the O'Leary championship belt began in the Exposition Building, Chicago, Ill., May 28, about 5,000 people being in attendance, among whom were a great many ladies. At 8.40 P. M. the twenty-two contestants stood in front of the judges' stand and received their numbers and instructions. Guyon stood in the front rank, with arms folded, and when his name was called the audience gave him a round of applause, which he acknowledged with a pleasant smile. There was also some applause when Crossland and Parry's names were called. At 8.45 the word "Go" was given and the men started. Some of them forgot the rules and started on a "go-as-you-please" gait, but before the first lap was made they were all doing a fair style of fast walk. The first mile was made as follows: Banks, 8m. 32s.; Geraghty, 8m. 52s.; Goodman, 9m. 18s.; Brandstetter, 9m. 30s.; Guyon, 9m. 30s.; Capt. Harry, 9m. 51s.; Parry, 9m. 53s.; Sherry, 10m. 24s.; Burns, 10m. 18s.; Crossland, 10m. 22s.; Dana, 10m. 29s.; Shock, 10m. 35s.; Dobler, 10m. 37s.; Dodge, 11m. 33s.; Dammers, 11m. 40s.; Dana, 11m. 53s.; Hoffman, 13m. 10s.; McArdrews, 13m. 16s.; Sallyman, 13m. 31s.; Heine, 13m. 40s.; "Iowa George," 13m. 42s. At midnight Guyon was leading, with a score of 19 miles, 564 yards, including the 5 covered 18 miles, Crossland and six others having 17 miles to their credit. Guyon kept up his usual long, quick, springing step until 1 o'clock A. M. 29th, when he was attacked with inflammation of the kidneys, the result, his physician says, of his recent trip to York, from which he had not sufficiently recovered. James Smith, Guyon's trainer, at once ordered him to leave the track. He was at that time two miles ahead of Parry, and several miles ahead of all the others. The score at 11.30 A. M. was: Banks, 62 miles; Benton, 55; Brandstetter, 54; Crossland, 53; Dobler, 52; Sallyman, 51; Dammers, 50; Dana, 53; Dobler, 61; Dodge, 44; Geraghty, 48; Goodman, 62; Guyon, 25; Heine, 22; Hoffman, 56; Iowa George, 60; McAndrews, 48; Parry, 71; Schack, 63; Sherry, 58; Sallyman, 57; Burns, 62. Pools were then $10 on Parry, $5 on the field. Owing to indulgence in frequent rests, Parry lost his lead to Dobler, a Chicagoan of 20 years, who was doing remarkably well. Crossland, who had been indisposed during the afternoon of the 29th had quite recovered, and was also doing well. From the commencement of the fourth day, May 30, to 9 P. M. 30, 8,718 paying spectators entered the building. At 11.45 o'clock the score of the thirteen pedestrians still in the race stood as follows: Banks, 137; Brandstetter, 116; "Capt. Harry," 117; Costello, 100; Crossland, 132; Dobler, 134; "Dutch Burns," 122; Geraghty, 112; Goodman, 123; Hoffmann, 82; Parry, 134; Sherry, 128. After it had become generally known that Dobler was far ahead of the English representatives, the greatest excitement prevailed. The sporting fraternity were now beginning to devise some sharp scheme by which they could hedge the large sums staked on Crossland and Parry, whom they bought against the field. The attendance during the afternoon was more than double that of the day preceding, the principal features of the day being thrown in the air as Dobler showed his speed and pluck. Betting was seven on Dobler to five on the field. The interest taken in the match may be inferred from the following cablegram from Sir John Astley:

LONDON, May 30.

TO CAPTAIN TURTLE, Chicago: Use all honorable means in your power to secure the victory for Crossland. Telegraph me result before post-time and draw on me for expense necessary for his comfort. (Signed) ASTLEY.

AT 8 P. M. the score of the leaders was: Dobler, 170 miles; Banks, 164; Parry, 162; Crossland, 150. Costello and Hoffman retired during the day. Banks walked lame, and Parry took second place again, with a prospect of leading. Dobler appeared fatigued, and left the track frequently. Crossland was suffering from a deranged stomach, and his feet were so badly blistered that they had to be lanced. The score at 12.30 A. M. May 31 was: Dobler, 184; Parry, 181; Banks, 181; Crossland, 170; Brandstetter, 143; Dana, 153; Geraghty, 145; Goodman, 154; Hoffman, 82; Sherry, 172. At 8.20 P. M. the record was: Parry, 260; Dobler, 255; Banks, 243; Sherry, 238; Dana, 219; Brandstetter, 193; Geraghty, 181; Goodman, 166; Crossland, 158. The contest closed at 9 P. M., June 1, with the scores as follows: Parry, 268 miles; Dobler, 265 miles; Banks, 254 miles; Sherry, 243 miles. Parry gets the belt and $1,000; Dobler gets $500; Banks, $250; and Sherry, $150. A protest was entered on behalf of Dobler that Parry's trainer walked with him. There was threatened early in the evening by Dobler's friends, but everything was quiet and orderly at the close. Charge is made that the reasons for the sudden and unexpected falling-behind on the part of Dobler (whose real name is Dolan) is that Parry, a newly-married man, left his wife behind there, became interested in beating him, and therefore got him chloroformed about six o'clock. Monroe denies this, but the evidence is pretty strong against him.

A dispatch to *The Pittsburg Sunday Leader*, dated May 31, A. M., reads as follows: "When it was found yesterday that the Bridgeport boy (Dobler) was ahead, with a fair show of winning, Jerry Monroe suddenly professed great friendship for him, and was very active in procuring good accommodations for him, and providing anything he might need. Among other things he made known to Dobler's friends in the East, named Charley Perkins, into Dobler's room to help take care of him. Last night, about eleven o'clock, Dobler was taken to his room, rubbed down and left on his bed for a short rest. When his trainer went to call him to the track to resume walking him out, he was found to be in a state of stupor, from which it was impossible to arouse him. He was finally dressed, and, appearing a little better, started off, but, after going once around the track, returned, and while claiming to feel well enough, could not walk—was not able to realize his true condition. O'Leary went into the man's room at that moment and asked what they were using on Dobler, saying that it smelt very strongly of chloroform. The bed was then examined, and it was found that the sheets and bed-clothes had been saturated with chloroform. Dr. Donne, who was called in, said the odor was strong enough to stupefy a horse. About the time this was discovered Jerry Monroe was known to have given a man in the building a considerable sum of money, with instructions to back Dobler to win, and considered significant from the fact that up to that time he claimed to be a bettor on Dobler. The whole gang were cleared out, and if good care will bring Dobler through he will yet win the belt. Dobler was quickly changed to another room, and has now, it is said, fully recovered from the effects of this cowardly attempt to injure his chances."

GUYON CHALLENGES PARRY.

Charles E. Davies Jacker of George W. Guyon, has deposited in the hands of Dr. Rowe of *The Chicago Field* $100 as a forfeit to walk the winner of the O'Leary champion belt, subject to the rules governing the same. A correspondent writes as follows to us regarding the causes which led to Guyon's withdrawal: "When he quit the track he was suffering from severe inflammation of the kidneys. He entered the walk against the advice of C. E. Davies and the wishes of Jim Smith. Two days previously he complained of pain in his back, which had troubled him at times since his recent six-day contest in New York. The fact is, Guyon has done too much walking in a short space of time. Previously to his going to New York he walked close onto 500 miles in two weeks' training, and then overtrained on the New York Athletic Club grounds. He led Crossland from the start of the present contest, with Parry close behind him. Parry and Guyon then lapped Peter, and after a few miles had been gone over Guyon made the pace too hot for Parry, who was, in company with Crossland, forced to a skip. They each received a caution. Guyon was walking well within himself, and seemed a sure winner. About the nineteenth mile he was seized with an acute pain in the spine, and at the twenty-third mile he was taken off the track. They applied liniments to his back, with plasters, but they failed to relieve him. After going twenty-four miles and a few laps, he being then half a mile ahead of Parry and 2½ miles ahead of Crossland, his backer and Smith insisted on his leaving the track, knowing that if he continued to lead for 50 or 60 miles, and then stopped, unkind remarks would be made to the effect that he sold out. Davies had it announced from the judges' stand the moment he quit."

GOFF'S WALKING TRACK, at Fitchburg, Mass., was opened May 30 by a 25-mile go-as-you-please race, for which eleven started—prizes, $40, $20 and $15. M. J. O'Toole of Clinton won in the alleged time of 3h. 3m.; Michael Greely, second; Arthur Stacy, third. On the 31st Ed. Mullen beat Geo. Mahan in a ten-mile match at the same place.

MILLE. IA FAYETTE of Chicago walked 25 miles at Dixon, Ill., May 17, for the benefit of the Fire Department of that city. The gross receipts for the walk amounted to $620. She was presented with a fine gold medal by the citizens.

A 30-HOUR go-as-you-like contest came off at Nashua, N. H., May 29, 30, and resulted in the success of Joseph Bird, who covered 121 miles, Joe Bean following with 118 miles, Peter Bonchard 107 miles 12 laps, Nelson Goodwin and John Rowell each 100.

ED. HOLSKE has made overtures to Hugh Keiren of Lowell, Mass., to walk him a twenty-five-mile race, allowing him one-mile-and-a-half start.

SPORTS IN CALIFORNIA.

The Olympic Club of Placerville, Cal., held their annual Spring games at Samsen's Ranch on Friday, May 16. The weather was clear and cool, and the attendance of spectators was large. The rules of the club fix a limit for each of the games, which limit must be reached or beaten in order to entitle a contestant to the silver medal which was offered the winner in each competition. The rules also contain the following peculiar provisions in relation to jumping: "In both wide-jumps, competitor after jumping must stand in his tracks; falling backward or forward will not be allowed. Jumps will be measured from heels to heels. [A rather different matter in running-jumps, we fancy.—ED.] Three trials allowed each competitor in all jumps after being defeated." The circular track measures 528 feet, or exactly one-tenth of a mile, and there is also a straight track of 120 yards. The results are herewith given: Standing wide-jump—F. A. Jones, 9ft. 9¼in. 100yds. run—First heat: S. W. Williams, 1; George Burnham, 2. Time, 10⅓s. Second heat: R. B. Jones, 1; S. Eustace, 2. Time, 10¾s. Final heat: Jones, 1; Williams, 2. Time, 10⅓s. Running high-jump—R. B. Jones, 4ft. 6in. Standing high-jump—R. B. Jones, 3ft. 8½in. One-mile run—George Hilbert, 1; W. C. Hilbert, 2. Time, 5m. 58s. Running wide-jump—S. Eustace, 14ft. 6in. Hurdle race, 120 yards, 10 hurdles, each 3 feet high—First heat: George Hilbert (15yds. and one hurdle start), 1; E. J. Jolly (same handicap), 2. Time, 20s. Second heat: R. B. Jones (scratch), 1; M. A. Hancock (15yds. and 1 hurdle), 2. Time, 19⅛s. Final heat: Hilbert, 1; Jones, 2. Time, 18⅛s. Many thought they struck the tape at the same instant. Pole-jumping—M. A. Hancock and F. Jones tied at 9ft. 9in. Officers' race—George Burnham, secretary, 1; J. A. Sigwart, treasurer, 2; R. M. Welch, leader, 3. 100yds. run, open—Ed. Selkirk, 1; J. J. Wonderly, 2. 100yds. race, for boys —Willie Donohue. Misses' race—Nora Donohue. Ladies' race—Miss Clark, 1; Miss Ruh's King, 2. Three-legged race—Polhemus and Will Jones. Egg race, for married ladies—Mrs. Reeg. Standing wide-jump, open—J. J. Wonderly. Starter, E. A. Smith; judges, M. P. Bennett, C. F. Irwin and F. F. Barss; clerk of course, J. A. Sigwart; timekeeper, Isaac Eddy.

MILITIAMEN AS ATHLETES.

The first Spring games of the members of the Twenty-third Regiment Athletic Club were held on the evening of May 29 at the armory in Brooklyn, and were witnessed by a large concourse of ladies and gentlemen, who manifested much interest in the proceedings. The result of the several competitions, which were generally spiritedly contested, are herewith given: Five-mile walk—Won by S. G. Chapin in 46m. ¼-yards run—H. Stokes won in 6¼s., defeating R. G. Winans and F. F. Harron in the final heat. One-mile walk—J. Stokes won in 8m. 33s., defeating S. G. Chapin, Thos. R. Bagot and C. H. Vining. Tug-of-war—First pull: Co. F., 1; Co. A., 2, by three inches, in 10m., being the limit of each allowed. Second pull: Co. K., 1; Co. A., 2; time, 1m. 45s. Third pull, Co. D, 1; non-commissioned Staff, 2; time, 2m. 10¼s. Fourth pull (cadets): Co. D, 1; Co. B, 2. Fifth pull (cadets): Co. C, 1; Co. D, 2, by a foot, in 10m. Sixth pull: Co. D, 1; Co. F, 2; time, 3m. 22s. Final pull between regimental teams: 1; Co. K, 2; time, 7m. 45s. Co. F, Twenty-third, 1; Co. D, Twenty-second, 2; time, 5m. 52s. Running high jump—W. H. Handy, 4ft. 7¼in. Quarter-mile run—W. H. Handy, 1; J. J. Harris, 2, by three seconds; time, 1m. 10s. Half-mile walk—S. Molineux won in 3m. 53s., with two scores as follows: Banks, 8m. 32s.; Geraghty, 8m. 52s.; Goodman, 9m. 18s.; Brandstetter, 9m. 30s.; Guyon, 9m. 30s.; Capt. Harry, 9m. 51s.; Parry, 9m. 53s.; Sherry, 10m. 24s.; Burns, 10m. 18s.; Crossland, 10m. 22s.; Dana, 10m. 29s.; Shock, 10m. 35s.; Dobler, 10m. 37s.; Dodge, 11m. 33s.; Dammers, 11m. 40s.; Dana, 11m. 53s.; Hoffman, 13m. 10s.; McArdrews, 13m. 16s.; Sallyman, 13m. 31s.; Heine, 13m. 40s.; "Iowa George," 13m. 42s. At midnight Guyon was leading, with a score of 19 miles, 564 yards, including the 5 covered 18 miles, Crossland and six others having 17 miles to their credit. Guyon kept up his usual long, quick, springing step until 1 o'clock A. M. 29th, when he was attacked with inflammation of the kidneys, the result, his physician says, of his recent trip to York, from which he had not sufficiently recovered. James Smith, Guyon's trainer, at once ordered him to leave the track. He was at that time two miles ahead of Parry, and several miles ahead of all the others. The score at 11.30 A. M. was: Banks, 62 miles; Benton, 55; Brandstetter, 54; Crossland, 53; Dobler, 52; Sallyman, 51; Dammers, 50; Dana, 53; Dobler, 61; Dodge, 44; Geraghty, 48; Goodman, 62; Guyon, 25; Heine, 22; Hoffman, 56; Iowa George, 60; McAndrews, 48; Parry, 71; Schack, 63; Sherry, 58; Sallyman, 57; Burns, 62. Pools were then $10 on Parry, $5 on the field. Owing to indulgence in frequent rests, Parry lost his lead to Dobler, a Chicagoan of 20 years, who was doing remarkably well. Crossland, who had been indisposed during the afternoon of the 29th had quite recovered, and was also doing well. From the commencement of the fourth day, May 30, to 9 P. M. 30, 8,718 paying spectators entered the building. At 11.45 o'clock the score of the thirteen pedestrians still in the race stood as follows: Banks, 137; Brandstetter, 116; "Capt. Harry," 117; Costello, 100; Crossland, 132; Dobler, 134; "Dutch Burns," 122; Geraghty, 112; Goodman, 123; Hoffmann, 82; Parry, 134; Sherry, 128. After it had become generally known that Dobler was far ahead of the English representatives, the greatest excitement prevailed. The sporting fraternity were now beginning to devise some sharp scheme by which they could hedge the large sums staked on Crossland and Parry, whom they bought against the field. The attendance during the afternoon was more than double that of the day

REGRET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER AND DEDICATED TO ANNIE HINDLE,
BY OSCAR B. BEERS.

If we could only call one moment back,
One little tiny tick of time that's gone,
Or if again o'er life's mysterious track
Where thoughtlessly we oft have wandered wrong—
If only now they would come back again
As mem'ry sometimes takes us swiftly there,
How many wayward steps—how much regret and pain—
Indeed, how much of our sad lives we would repair!

If only we could go among the sleeping dead,
And find there listeners to our words of grief,
How much reserve of love, of tender thoughts unsaid,
We would bestow to give our sad, sad hearts relief!
But this can never be. What was is now forever past,
And all our vain regrets stand at the future's gate
And point to all that hath forever slipped our clasp,
While we with heavy hearts look back and say "Too late!"

A RACE BY MOONLIGHT.

"I do wish to goodness somebody would take him away. There will be mischief if he stops much longer. I never saw him like this before."

"Who? Like what, Mark?"

"Why, the Squire."

"What is the matter now? Is he in one of his mad fits? Has he done any damage?"

"No; and that is the worst of it. When he takes it into his head to wreck a dinner-service, or to play Aunt Sally with the glass, I do not so much mind, so long as nobody is hurt. Such amusement calms him, and he always pays the bill."

The speakers were Mark Hartbrook and Jane, his wife, host and hostess of the Whinridge Arms, Thornford; the scene of their anxious interview, their own small snuggery behind the bar; the time of it, an evening in April. The Thornford Hunt meeting had taken place that day, and it was now "after dinner" with the stewards and their friends in the principal room of the Whinridge Arms.

Hartbrook had abundant cause for anxiety. The Squire, of whom he and his wife spoke—handsome Gustavus Whinridge of Thornford Hall—was their landlord, and Mark's former master. A warm-hearted, generous-natured fellow, imbued with Old-world ideas of honor, he was, unhappily for his personal peace and the habitual comfort of those with whom he was brought in contact, handicapped with a hot head and a spirit that brooked not the least contradiction.

"He and young Dykely are flying at each other, Jenny; and how the row will end, *I* don't know."

"What, the Captain?" queried Mrs. Hartbrook, with a look of alarm.

"Yes," replied mine host. "You know there's been bad blood between the pair ever since Mari got six months for poaching on Dykely's land. Although the Squire is a durable hand at preserving, he can't forgave him for prosecuting that young scamp."

"What are they disputing about?"

"Why, the Hunt Cup."

"But, if Dykely won, he beat nothing from the Hall."

"That's nothing to do with it. The Squire means mischief to-night. Go it!" continued he, apostrophizing a bell, which shook above his head with unusual violence. "I know whose hand is at the other end of that wire. I must go; if anybody else faced him at this moment something dreadful would happen."

Hereupon the bell was shaken with augmented ferocity.

"All right. I am coming. Gustavus the Terrible." With which satirical observation Mark Hartbrook vanished.

The scene in the dining-room as mine host entered was literally one of admired disorder. Half-a-dozen men were speaking at once, and two members of the company were accentuating their remarks by means of gestures that betokened anger. One was the Squire, who had risen his height—upwards of six feet—and was standing with his back to the uncertain mirror at the president's end of the table confronting, with flushed face and dangerous eyes, his opponent, Captain Dykely, a thin-lipped, dark-haired, wiry man of pallid complexion. The voices could scarcely be said to mingle; Whinridge's was at the top of the entire discordant chorus of exposition. He therefore Hartbrook entered, and, passing one hand through his yet luxuriant curls—in color a slightly grizzled auburn—he folded his arms across his chest and said:

"Hartbrook, I want you."

"I am at your service, sir."

"My friend"—a slightly sinister emphasis on the word—"my *friend* Captain Dykely and myself have had a dispute, and we want you to decide it."

"If you can," interposed the Captain, in a voice and manner that a less irritable person than the Squire would have deemed exasperating.

"I *know* he can, sir; and that ought to suffice. Now listen. You were on the holm to-day, and you saw the race for the Cup?"

"I did, sir."

"Very good. Now, what do you know about Fluefaker, Captain Dykely's horse? Is he not——"

"Squire! squire!" protested several of the company.

"You are right, gentlemen. I will not put a leading question. Well—Fluefaker?"

"Is a son of Agrimony and Fluff. Did nothing as a two-year-old. Was beaten when he was backed by the public, and won a couple of plates when he wasn't, at three. Was bought out of a selling-race, but tried over hurdles at four. That is all I know. How he came to be qualified to run to-day for the Hunt Cup is what I do not know."

"What did I say, gentlemen? That this horse was not a genuine hunter. That having been out a few times and looked on, whereby he got that trumpery certificate from M. F. H., was not a proper qualification; and I repeat my words." Here Mr. Whinridge brought his fist down upon the board with a defiant vigor that made the glasses jingle again. "Why, gentlemen, at equitable weights this patched-up cripple of a hunter-chapper would not have the least chance against an honest hunter over a fair line of country."

"He can be matched against anything you have got in your stable, when and where you please!" exclaimed Captain Dykely, by this time thoroughly aroused.

"He can, can he?" almost shrieked the Squire. "Then you are on, sir. Hang it, I'll run you for the Cup, and back mine for a hundred!"

"Yes!" replied the Captain, with energy. "Catch-weights. Name your time."

"Name my time? Of course I will. My time, Captain Dykely, is *to-night*, one hour after moonrise!"

Perhaps the only person present who was amazed at this apparently insane speech was he whom (after the speaker) it concerned most, even Captain Dykely. To the others—and especially to Hartbrook, who audibly chuckled—the Squire's impetuous ebullition of temper and fierce determination to have the wager settled out of hand appeared quite a matter of course.

In response to a question put to one of the stewards, who lived some distance from Thornford, as to whether he intended stopping to see the match, there was a loud shout of "There's no such word! And so will all of us. We would not miss the race for worlds." In the midst of the hubbub, Whinridge, his whole frame vibrating with joyous excitement, left the room, taking Hartbrook with him. Mark Hartbrook followed Dykely with a premeditated deliberation that betrayed his awakened concern. He already repented him of his rashness. He felt, to quote the language of the turf, that "he had been rushed" into making the wager by the exasperating taunts of the Squire; and, looking at the "agreement" from a strictly sporting point of view, he began to have grave doubts of the issue. His own horse was none the better for the race that was in him, and he was completely in the dark about Whinridge's champion.

Squire Whinridge was conferring with Hartbrook in a private room.

"Now, Mark, attend to me. I shall want you to help me through with this business. What are you smiling at, you knave? I suppose you think your master has made a fool of himself again. But I mean to show you all, as well as that flashy Captain downstairs, that I know what I am about. Where is Crowe?"

"Awaiting your orders."

"Ay, ay, Applet-tart—yard, I can guess. With his mouth in the manger." He rang the bell peremptorily. "Tell Crowe," he said to a neat-handed Phillis who obeyed the summons, "to tie up Appletart's head at once, and then come to me."

"Why, sir, you surely don't——"

"Have a care or you'll head the fox. I *do* mean to run Appletart, if that is what you are aiming at. He was a bad third to-day, but his jockey did not ride him out for a place, or else I think he might have been second. However, we discover to-night whether the weights won't just bring the right leather on."

"But, sir—the jockey?"

"Ha! that's where you are, is it? Well, I own that the jockey is rather an important feature in the case. Tell me—what do you think of me for the mount?"

"You, sir?" replied Hartbrook with an expression of horror. "Why, you would be done by the length of a street. You ride fifteen stone if you ride an ounce."

"No, no, no! Not so bad as that, Mark. However, wait. The jockey will be ready, never fear. The moon rises at eleven, and we have therefore nearly six hours to look about us. By this time Crowe will have abridged Appletart's supper. Look in, and then send here."

Mark was nonplussed, as he told his wife when he returned to the snuggery. Squire Whinridge playing the very deuce, and destroying things, he could understand; but Squire Whinridge going about his work in *that* business-like manner, he could not understand.

"He must have his knife pretty deep into this Captain Dykely, Jenny, or he would not take so much trouble to get the better of him; for, mind you, the Squire is not one of the besting sort. But how he is to do it *I* don't know. They bar professional jockeys; and where he is to pick up a feather amongst the amateurs hereabouts puzzles me. All our good performers are on the meaty side. And a feather he must be, Jenny, to make the match a certainty."

The news of the novel match spread rapidly through the town,'and attracted to the recognized centers of operations, the Whinridge Arms, crowds of sportsmen and idlers of all classes anxious to hear "the rights of it."

Both Crowe and the Captain's man—a taciturn person named Widgeon—were made much of by a company laudably desirous of obtaining what is known in sporting circles as the straight up; but neither of the persistently catechized servitors afforded the inquirers any substantial satisfaction in the shape of answers. Crowe and Widgeon either knew nothing or they were acting—reticently—under orders. The moon arose precisely at the time appointed by the local almanac—a circumstance that did not escape the admiring notice of those natives of Thornford who rather looked upon the placid orb itself as local property—and a movement was thereupon made towards the racecourse. But where was the Squire? From the moment he, Hartbrook, Captain Dykely, and William Heckler the starter, who was on this occasion to act as judge, had arranged the *modus operandi*, he had been missing. His last words were:

"I don't care who starts them. Appoint whom you please. Mark, you tell Crowe to walk the horse up to the course in time. I shall be with you an hour after moonrise by Heckler's watch; and if I am not, I forfeit."

He thereupon strode downstairs at a rapid rate, leaped into the waiting saddle and rode off. He was gone before any of the few spectators of his departure had given his probable destination a thought. Mark, however, who observed the proceeding from one of the bar-windows, smote his thigh with energy, and exclaimed:

"Jenny, Jenny, my girl, I can see it all."

"Can you?" replied that estimable lady in tones of cool cynicism. "I am delighted. Only the next time you see it all, whatever that may be, oblige me by doing so in a quieter manner. You have broken one of our best jugs."

"Da—that is, never mind the jug. Squire Whinridge, I can see it all!"

"See what?" queried his spouse irately.

"Why, the jockey! Where is Grimstowe!"

"*I* don't know. There—get out of my way. You are neither use nor ornament here. Go and look for your Grimstowe."

Nathaniel Grimstowe, Thornford's one "member of Tattersall's and the leading turf clubs," was a continual cause of bickering between mine host and hostess of the Whinridge Arms. Mrs. Hartbrook did not approve of wagering on horse-racing, except when it meant her husband's winning something handsome for himself and a new dress for her; and as those pleasant results had not recently followed Mark's speculations on the turf, she, attributing his ill-fortune to the malign influence of Nathaniel Grimstowe, had learned "to hate the very sound" of that operator's "name." Hartbrook duly found Mr. Grimstowe, and, after a wordy combat with him concerning "the price" of something, an entry made in a small oblong book showed that they had transacted business together. Thereafter, until a general exodus of his customers apprised him of the rising of the moon, the quondam servant of Gustavus Whinridge, Esq., went about his work with a countenance that beamed with unspeakable complacency.

He believed he had seen the cards in the Squire's hand, and on the strength of that conviction he had backed him to win the trick. He was positive—the language of his meditations was strongly flavored with striking, if not always coherent, metaphor—that "*this* journey at least he had got Mr. Nathaniel Grimstowe, in a line, on toast."

It wanted but twenty minutes of the stroke of midnight by Heckler's watch, and still the Squire came not. Standing about in animated groups in the paddock on Windyholm, the Thornford race-course, were many of what might be termed the upper circles of sporting society, eagerly discussing the chances of the coming encounter; and as the moments sped, bringing the "one hour after moonrise" excitingly near, wondering whether the match would come off after all. Fluefaker, ready for action, was being led out by the faithful Widgeon in one corner of the paddock, while Appletart, in his clothing, was being kept gently moving at the opposite corner, Crowe, of course, in jealous attendance. Although there was not a man present who had not seen the race for the Hunt Cup, most of them criticised the nags with that impressive air of professional knowingness exhibited by a group of Newmarket touts when an unfamiliar candidate for the Guineas makes his first appearance on the classic Heath. Second in order of interest to the two flyers was Captain Dykely. He was fully equipped for the fray, and had been on view for some time. It was evident to the skilled eyes that scanned him that he had made his toilet with uncommon care. "Looks like business," observed a staff of appearance to a grave and silent auditory of three listeners. "Couldn't have been more particular if it was the Derby he was going to have a fly at. See his goloshes?" The interlocuted *had* seen those unco-uth casings. "The ground is going to be sticky as all that comes to. Suppose he is afraid of carrying an ounce of clay on his boots? Well, I like a cove that takes care of his precious self. He means to have a good look in, and no mistake."

The subject of these not uncomplimentary observations conversed in low tones with the Marquis of Gules, one of the stewards, who was present in response to the Captain's urgent invitation.

"Do you think he means to forfeit, Dykely?"

"I really cannot say; it certainly looks uncommonly like a forfeit. But there is no accounting for anything that a Whinridge does."

"Upon my word, I think you are right," replied his lordship. "By-the-way, have you and he smoked the calumet over that poacher-fellow?"

"Not a bit of it," rejoined the Captain. "And it is my belief, now that I can be calm on the subject—I was anything but that when I gorged the bait—that he meant this match as a sort of Rowland for my Oliver."

"But where is he? Ah, there goes the quarter?" The sound of the chimes, as it floated on the gentle night-breeze from the tower of Tornford parish church across Windyholm, was heard and noted by the crowd, now wrought up into a nervous state of expectancy by the continued absence of the Squire. Hartbrook, unshaken until this moment in his trust in the absentee's turning up in time, began to waver. Something had happened. Confound that Grimstowe! His bet with him was P. P. What *would* his wife say?

A sound of wheels. "Hurrah!" The cheer was not thrown away. It *was* the Squire, driving a dog-cart at a rate which an officer of the county constabularly would have pronounced dangerous had anybody *but* the Squire held the ribbons. He pulled up by the paddock-rails, and, leaping out, had at once to assist his companion to alight, saying as he did so:

"Hartbrook, where are you? Take care of these. Now, Redgy, come with me."

"Why, it's his son Reginald!"

In which brief but pregnant remark by the arrival of Mr. Whinridge and his youngest son, a pale, thin boy of about twelve years of age, it was by no means easy for the principals in the little drama to make the preparations necessary for raising the curtain.

Hartbrook, proud of his office, carried a light racing saddle and its necessary accompaniments,"and, walking by the side of the youth, followed the Squire into the paddock.

"I guessed it would be you, Master Redgy," said Hartbrook in a gleeful whisper, "and I've backed you. It's a splendid moon, and you know the track."

"I should think I did, Mark. And you, too, eh? Recollect when I would insist on your taking me the whole line, you on old Goliath and I on my pony Lilliput? And how frightened mamma was, and how angry Gules tipped me a sov., eh, Mark?"

Hartbrook's memory was fully as retentive of those forbidden adventures as the boy's, but he did not consider this an appropriate occasion for refreshing it.

"Yes, yes, of course I remember, Master Redgy. Fine times they were. Now tell me, what does the Squire mean really to say about the race?"

"He has no doubts of Appletart's ability, but——"

"He has of yours?"

"Not exactly that. He thinks the exploit is rather too much for my years, and" (whispering) "that the Captain would have no objection to taking a mean advantage of this infant if he saw the opportunity. Oh, I must tell you—such a lark! I was out at a dinner-party with mamma and Gretty when the guv got to the Hall to-night. So what does he do but gets into a tail-coat himself and comes to fetch us home, he said. We *were* hurried off, I can tell you. And sent to bed at once. Mamma thinks he is going round with the keepers, and that I'm in bed!"

By this time they had reached the paddock. The Squire's arrival was greeted quite as fervently as, if more quietly than, it had been by the crowd outside. He shook hands with Lord Gules, expressed his delight at knowing that his lordship had consented to act as starter, and then faced the Captain.

"Now, Captain Dykely, shall we get ready?"

"Your jockey, Mr. Whinridge?"

"Is my son Reginald. Have you any objection to him?"

"Every objection, Mr. Whinridge. When I made this—I don't mind admitting it—stupid match, it was *not* with the idea that I was going to have for an opponent a mere child."

"Child or not, he rides."

"I am no more a child than he is, papa!" exclaimed the boy. "If I can ride, what more does he want?"

"Hear, hear!" cried the crowd.

"*If* you can ride!" said Captain Dykely, with a sneer.

"Dykely," interposed Lord Gules, "I must say that, according to the terms of the match, you are bound to accept Whinridge's jockey, or forfeit."

"Very well," rejoined Dykely sullenly, "very well. If the baby breaks his neck I am not to blame, mind. Let us get it over."

There was a stampede on the part of the auditors at these words in the direction of the two most formidable obstacles in the track—a made fence, at the beginning of the straight run-in, and a brook on the far side. The boy, giving up his overcoat and hat to Hartbrook and putting on a silk cap which he produced from his pocket, presently appeared before his opponent, fully equipped for action. In default of silk he wore a thin jersey, but otherwise it would have been impossible to find fault with his appearance. His father gave him a leg up, and then walked by the side of the starting-post, where Lord Gules was already waiting with the flag.

"Redgy, my dear," said the old fellow in a voice that was strangely husky, "you heard what that brute said about your breaking your neck?"

"Yes, pa."

"Well, Redgy, it made me feel that I possibly was wrong in subjecting you to such a risk. I should never forgive myself if anything happened to you, and I am sure your mother would never forgive *me*. Now, Redgy, although you are but three years of a child, you are not without a man's sense—don't mind me at all. If you have any doubt, jump off, and I'll throw up the match."

"Papa, you *must* let me ride! After what that fellow said it would be too bad to be prevented from showing him up. Never fear. I'll stick on!"

"Redgy, your hand."

The boy placed his hand in that of his father, who grasped the warm little palm with fervor, and, gently drawing down the lad's head, kissed him. The man and boy understood each other. It was seldom Gustavus Whinridge was betrayed into such an exhibition of what he would have termed feminine weakness; but the boy knew what this demonstration meant far better than if it had been expressed in the tenderest words.

Completely out of the view and hearing of the people, who by this time thronged the stand, the Squire imparted his final orders.

"Keep with him, but not too close, for the first mile, and then come away as hard as you can pelt. It is a splendid moon—almost as light as day—and you ought to do the journey without the least mistake. Now, Redge, my own dear boy, show them what sort of metal you are made of."

Without another word he left his son and Captain Dykely to amble their way to the starting-post, and, mounting a hack which Crowe had in readiness, ranged across to a bit of rising ground near the brook, where he could obtain an excellent view of at least three parts of "the country." About the same time Widgeon, Captain Dykely's man, "a durable hand at a bet, and one of the win-tie-or-wrangle fraternity" (this was Hartbrook's unsolicited testimonial to character), was deep in an endeavor to advise Superintendent Pompert of the Thornford constabulary in the matter of the probable behavior of a restless multitude already gathered around the two ends of the water-jump.

"You who, Super, my governor, the Cap'tin, is nervous; and the nag he's a-riding is nervous; so if I was you, Super—excuse my making so bold—I'd pot most of my men by that there brook to keep the crowd quiet."

"Thank you, my man," replied the Superintendent in freezing tones; "I have made my arrangements."

"Oh, have you, Mr. Pompey-and-Cæsar?" rejoined Widgeon in a safe whisper, as he turned aside and left the lofty officer to his own devices. "Then I'll bet a pound to a shillin' some of those boys there'll unmake 'em. Go along, old turnip-tops; keep that bull's-eye quiet, can't you? That's enough to make any hoss shy."

The remark is addressed to one of the Superintendent's most zealous subordinates—a young man new to the force—who is acting to-night as though he considered the plentiful production of disturbing fireworks part of his duty. Widgeon takes a front place by the brook. Crowe does likewise. Behind them and a group three deep of mere spectators is Gustavus Whinridge, a prominent object in the silver-and-gray landscape as he stands motionless, waiting for the shout that is to signal the start. It comes at last.

"They are off!" and now the Squire, his eyesight made keenly telescopic by the love he bears to his boy, cranes forward hungrily, and, missing no incident in the battle, begins in spirit to ride the race himself. "That will do, Redgy boy; that will do! Let him make the running! Now, then, wider, wider, Redge! Keep away from his whip-hand. How gloriously that son of mine rides, to be sure—like a man! *Now*, THEN! Capital, cap-i-tal! Ah, only just over, Redgy. The next take-off must be better judged than that, or you will be spilled, to a certainty. Now they are out of sight."

The Squire knew every inch of the country over which the two horses were galloping; therefore, his guesses at what they were doing, so long as the nags remained in view, were curiously accurate. To the other spectators, Heckler, the judge, and Hartbrook perhaps, excepted, the incidents of the race were unsupported guesswork of the roughest description; the grotesquely shifting shadows which were cast by the two horses rendering obtaining an exact idea of the precise positions of the pair a matter of impossibility.

"Here they come!" shouted the Squire in a strangled voice. "Here they come, and my boy is leading! *Let* him have it, Redgy! Loose him, my dear child! loose him! Good lad! He is coming away like a steam-engine!"

As Appletart approached the brook the excitement of the Squire intensified, especially when he saw that Captain Dykely was rapidly lessening the gap between him and the Squire's horse. There was only about a length and a half of moonlight between Appletart and Fluefaker as the former rose like a bird over the brook and landed in safety.

"Thank God, that's over!" murmured Whinridge; but he spoke too soon. The youthful ornament of the Thornford constabularly flashed his bull's-eye across the path of the foremost horse, which shied, and then, terrified by the cheering of the crowd, tore along in a manner that betokened an early dissolution of partnership between him and his jockey.

In a voice that was neither a shout nor a yell, but a frantic blending of both, Mr. Whinridge exclaimed:

"The horse has bolted! Out of the way with you! Redgy, keep him straight, my boy! Good lad, good la-ad, go——"

"How much did I win by?" asked the boy faintly, as he opened his eyes in a hushed apartment in the Whinridge Arms. He had not spoken since they picked him up and found that an arm was broken. "How much?"

His father, whose eyes were moist and dim, and whose voice was quiet like a woman's, said:

"Twenty lengths was the judge's verdict, Redgy—twenty lengths. And the Cup is for you, my boy. And whenever you think your father is getting out of bounds, as you may think hereafter, *shout* him that goblet, and remind him of what he went through when it was won by the light of the moon."
—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

CLIPPER SONGS:

"OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

"Years Have Come and Gone."

TO MY FRIEND LEW D. GERWIG.
WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. S. WELLS.
[*Copyright Secured.*]

Years have come and years are going
Since our childhood's vows we made,
Roaming happy o'er the meadows,
And beside the stream we played;
When we knelt in the church-yard,
And to Him our prayers we gave
For our schoolmates, loved so dearly,
Lying in the lonely grave.
Chorus.—Years have come and years are going,
Since our childhood's vows we made,
Roaming happy o'er the meadows,
And beside the stream we played.
Years have gone, but not forgotten,
Since we saw the flowers bloom;
Day by day are growing older—
In the future lies our doom.
Hand in hand we go together,
Gliding swiftly down life's stream,
Thinking oaly of the loved ones
In that happy land of dream.
Terre Haute, Ind., May, '79.

Shadows of the Long-ago.

WORDS BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL. MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

Faces that I used to cherish
Long have faded from my sight,
And I miss the pretty glances,
Miss the eyes that dance to me;
Oh, how fondly I remember
One who said she loved me so!
Will the fleeting vision bring me
Shadows of the long-ago?
Chorus.—Faces that I used to cherish,
Lips that whispered soft and low,
Come in flitting visions to me,
Shadows of the long,ago.

Voices that so fondly mingled
Now are silent as the tomb,
And I miss two rosy maidens,
Miss their cheeks of rosy bloom;
Now and then a something tells me
Of a friend that has fled me,
And that flitting visions bring me
Shadows of the long-ago.

Ringlets that were bright as sunshine
Float no longer on the breeze,
And I miss the loving kisses
Miss my darling's happy glees;
Oft I think I hear her calling
Where the waters gently flow,
While the flitting visions bring me
Shadows of the long-ago.

The Sweet Songs of Youth.

BY ADOLPHO.

Come, sing me again those sweet songs of old,
So loved for their words of affection and truth,
When my heart was glad, and my cheek never sad,
In the bright, hopeful days of my youth.

Oh, sweet, simple airs, how their melody thrills
Every pulse of my swift-beating heart!
Like the memory true of fond friends I once knew,
They seem of my being a part.

The years that with wrinkles have furrowed my brow,
And with silver have frosted my hair,
Seem to all fade away as I list to the lay
That has lulled my heart to rest there.

Then sing me again those dear songs of old
I so love for their sweetness and truth,
While memory reverts to the joys that I knew
In those bright, sunny days of my youth.

LITTLE JOE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY F. W.

Many of THE CLIPPER readers will remember a young newsboy called Little Joe, who, a few years ago, was well known in the vicinity of Nassau street and Park row. He was a small lad, very dirty and very ragged, but very good. From the peculiar manner in which he operated he became famous.

Entering a hotel or saloon, he would offer his papers, and if he failed to sell any he laid down his hands and performed a number of difficult gymnastic tricks in a style that would have done credit to a professional. One day he entered the office of the P—— Hotel. The room was full of brokers talking "puts and calls," etc. They suspended conversation while Little Joe did several tricks, and as he finish his hat was filled with numerous pieces of specie, one of the fat, pompous brokers contributing (in place of a nickel) the remark:

"A natural acrobat, sir—a born acrobat."

Little Joe, during the day gathered in quite a handsome sum, which, I am sorry to say, did him little good, for he was an orphan, and the place he called home was presided over by a fiend in human shape, who was wont to say:

"Look Joe out for the gutter when he was a kid, and I brought him up and I clothed him and I fed him."

Every night when Joe got home he turned in all the money he had made during the day, receiving a kick or cuff because it was not more.

Like Joan d'Arc he finally became so celebrated that the attention of the "Society for the etc., etc.," was drawn to him. They investigated his case, and an officer of the society reported: "A bright, smart boy; an orphan; no home; going to the bad very fast; a case in which the society should extend help and secure a good home."

So very soon Joe was sent into the country to live with a farmer to learn to till the soil, and receive the benefit of good home-influence and school three months in the year. While the farm was a new one for Joe. His guardian proved a hard taskmaster, and Joe was compelled to perform work that would have made a strong man weaken. Oftentimes his mind would wander back to his old haunts and his old associates, and, forgetting where he was, he would commence the old tricks of turning somersaults, etc.; but woe be to him if caught, for he would receive a cuff and orders to:

"Get to work, you young gutter-snipe! Is that what I feed you and clothe you for—to idle away your time like that? Get to work, and if I catch you cutting up any more didos I'll tattoo your hide with a switch."

One day, while the family were at dinner, the conversation was on a subject that caused Joe to open his ears and listen attentively. Joe's guardian, addressing his wife, exclaimed:

"Say, wife! want to go up to the 'doings' to-morrow?"

"What's going on?"

"Why, there's going to be a sarkus up to the Falls. Like to go up?"

"No," was snapped out. "I aint got no money, nor the time to go chasing after the sarkus."

"Don't you want to go up and see the procession?"

"No, I don't."

"They got bills stuck up to the Falls saying it's five miles long and worth going a hundred miles to see."

"What kind of a 'timing' is it?"

"Why, all the lions, elephants, tigers, actors, horses, bands and other things parade the streets."

"Don't they charge anything?"

"No; don't cost a cent."

"Well, I think I would like to just drive up and see what it is."

What a thrill it sent through little Joe! What wouldn't he give if he could only witness that grand, glittering procession! On the day of the show the old folks started bright and early, giving Joe orders to "keep to work right smart now."

The show, of course, played to delighted thousands afternoon and evening. After the performance in the evening it prepared to start on a long drive for the next stand. When well under way, the occupants of the band-wagons proceeded to settle themselves in comfortable positions for sleep, when, suddenly, everybody's curiosity was aroused by someone asking:

"Who is under this seat?"

"Me," answered a small voice, and a small form appeared.

"Who are you?"

"I am Joe."

"And Joe is trying to run away with the circus, is he?"

The manager, I am happy to say, possessed a heart, and after listening to Joe's story enrolled him as one of the company. In a few weeks he had changed a great deal—he was fat, his cheeks were red, and he was the picture of good health and happiness. It was not long before his talent as an acrobat was known to the manager, and he was furnished with a set of tights, etc., and allowed to go on in the tumbling. In a short time he had rehearsed an act of equestrianism with the clown's daughter, and by the middle of the season they did the act in the ring. Such another handsome couple it would be hard to find, and from that time Joe and Addie were the most intimate of friends. The knowing ones, of course, winked and smiled, and whispered:

"It's a match."

It was near the end of the season. Joe had grown older, but not much larger, so that he still answered to the name of Little Joe. The company were exhibiting in a mining town, and near the close of the afternoon's show, while Little Joe and Addie were in the ring, the performance was interrupted by a disturbance between several parties in the audience. Pistols were drawn and shots exchanged. The local authorities quickly quelled the affair and removed the offenders. No damage done, no one hurt—only Little Joe. He was removed to the dressing-room, and a doctor called from the audience, but too late! A few gasps, and poor Little Joe was dead.

THE sharpest satire on our present civilization is the fact that the rigid performance of duty excites general surprise as well as admiration.

QUESTIONS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY M. H. T., BALTIMORE.

How many drinks can a man take before he is sewed up?
How many miles did Jenkins jump when he won the silver cup?
How many people make a crowd? These are samples of some we get.
While A B C politely asks: How much money makes a bet?

G. H and B sit down to play a quiet game of bluff,
When B books all of H's chips, which, as you know, is rough.
Now, G, whose banker watches all, and acts at times quite funny,
Sneaks off to go and see a friend. Now, don't he take the money?

X, Y and Z make up their minds to play a little euchre—
Five cents a point is all the stake, so none can win much lucre;
But at the close, to their surprise, when for the "lush" they call,
They find the widow ten ahead. Now, tell me who wins all?

Another party wants to know, if A is on first base,
And the umpire's struck by a wild-pitched ball, as often is the case,
Has he the right, as an honest man, to at the batter call:
"Three strikes and out," all because he was hit by the wild-pitched ball?

These questions are like some we get, and some are even worse,
For L in Boston wants to know what we might call a curse;
And now a man in Washington—a little cranked, you'll say—
Requests that we shall let him know *the date of the Judgment-day.*

COLONEL VANRADEN'S QUEST:

A DIAMOND ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

"Ruined body and soul!"

He was a tall, military-looking, handsome man, apparently on the sunny side of forty, and he stood in the hallway of the Fifth-avenue Hotel reading a letter he had just received by the European mail:

Ruined body and soul! When you receive this note I shall be where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. I cannot bequeath you even the diamond, according to agreement. A woman—but I will not profane the paper with her name. Do not worry about me—I am better gone. Thank God I have no mother to mourn for her scapegrace son. I am alone in the world, and I will die alone. May Heaven bless, you dear, old fellow. ALBERT EMERSON.

Colonel Vanraden reread the brief but significant scrawl, weighing every sentence—every word. He examined the envelope anew, and then, shaking himself together, took a turn round Madison square, pondering profoundly.

"Bertie must be a little off his nut," he mused. "It's all infernal nonsense, that suicide talk. He wants to frighten me—to play a practical joke to get me over to Paris. He's been betting at horse-races in England, gambling and losing money hand over fist. Paris—probably been in the serpentine coils of a woman—pledged his ten-thousand-dollar diamond for a debt—been drinking—got jimjammy—drivels about suicide. Pshaw! He wants a dose of medicine and a sleep. His handwriting is all at sixes-and-sevens. He'll be all right in the morning."

Just here the Colonel returned to the hotel, took a drink, lighted a cigar, and challenged a friend to a game of billiards. But he couldn't get the letter out of his head, and, his mind being distracted, he couldn't play within fifty points of his usual game, and so lost thrice in succession.

He put aside his cue and again read the letter. "Paris, June 14. My dear old friend Richard—ruined body and soul!" etc.

He took another turn round the square.

"To-day is Friday, the 28th—just a fortnight since the letter was written. Suppose he should be dead!" he said aloud, suddenly stopping, while several *bonnes* with babies regarded him with astonishment, not to say alarm. "*Suppose he should be dead!*—and buried!—buried in a French Potters' Field!—and me—*here!*"

The next day Colonel Richard Vanraden sailed for Havre by the steamship St. Laurent. And just here it may be well to inform the reader that Bertie Emerson and Dick Vanraden had been chums from boyhood. With that romantic sentimentalism which not unfrequently accompanies the bud of puberty, they had each doomed themselves to an inexorable and early grave. Each had solemnly sworn upon his BOOK to notify the other of the day of approaching dissolution; or, if the "taking off" should be sudden, to announce the sad event in a ghostly and spiritual individuality—if possible. But manhood had come, with its strong muscles, healthy appetite and broad-chested vigor, and death in any form never entered into the conversation of the two friends. When, however, a few years before this story has its inception, the pair joined in the purchase of a lottery ticket, and most unexpectedly won $20,000, they agreed to buy two diamonds with the money, each, afterwards made a written agreement that the longer liver was to possess both precious stones.

Often and often during the voyage Colonel Vanraden recalled the youthful vow, and he resolved that, for a rival or for woe, so far as he was concerned, it should be held as a sacred obligation.

Inquiries made at the offices of the Prefect of the Seine led to the discovery that Bertie Emerson had been drowned. On the evening of June 14 he had thrown himself from the Louis Philippe Bridge, as it is sometimes called, the Bridge of the Holy Fathers. His body had lain several days unidentified at the Morgue. Several women had looked at it, and one—an actress—had looked long and earnestly; but, when one of the attendants whispered: "Do you know him, mademoiselle?" she merely shook her head and withdrew in silence.

"Who was this actress?" Colonel Vanraden demanded.

"Mlle. Helen Dublanc of the Ambigu Theatre."

After a couple of days spent in seeing the remains of his departed friend removed from Potters' Field to Pere le Chaise and in examining his effects—without discovering a single line of writing or the remotest clew to his suicidal death—the Colonel bought a stage-box, and attended a performance at the Ambigu.

The play was "Joan d'Arc," in which history was perverted for the purpose of conciliating Parisian egoism. Joan knocked the British soldiers about like ninepins, sto'ord her foes, rode a wooden horse, fired a cannon, and made things howl generally. In the last scene she was carried twice around the stage on cushions to a solemn-music accompaniment. A scarf, dyed red, indicated that she was mortally wounded. Finally she raised herself with difficulty, waved the French flag, yelled "Vive la France!" at the top of her voice, and expired amid the wildest enthusiasm.

The piece was spectacular, gratifying to Gallic vanity as well as to the ripest kind of pruriency. Mlle. Helen Dublanc, the Joan, was a golden-haired divinity of the Amazonian type. Her face was brilliantly beautiful. Her limbs and arms possessed all the lascivious charms of the Borghese Venus. There was intoxication in her smile, and a consciousness of impure sorcery seemed to scintillate from her like light from the stars. The male portion of her audience, including Colonel Vanraden, could never have beheld a more enchanting combination of all that was wicked in the flesh with all that was dangerous in the devil than Helen Dublanc in her semi-nude personification of Joan d'Arc.

"Could this be the woman that ruined Bertie Emerson?" the Colonel asked himself.

And the answer of his mature reflection was that Helen Dublanc was beautiful enough and wicked enough to have initiated another Trojan war, were such an event possible in these latter, utilitarian days.

As the Colonel was passing the side-door of the theatre among the last of the audience, he heard a voice say:

"Pierry, did you see that Yankee in the O. P. stage-box with the magnificent solitaire diamond?"

"I saw him, mademoiselle."

"Find out who he is—where he stops—all about him."

"All right, mademoiselle."

The woman who had given the order was the actress Dublanc. She had just entered her carriage. Her emissary vanished into the darkness. Colonel Vanraden walked leisurely along the boulevard to his hotel. He was anxious to furnish the spy every facility for observing him.

Next day Colonel Vanraden engaged the same box at the Ambigu. Joan d'Arc recognized him from the stage, and, when he came in, she smiled. He was gratified. He sat and gazed, dazzled and surprised at the lovely face and form, thrown into relief by the shade of her position. She played with more grace, ardor, vim, *chic*, abandon, than ever before; and several times her eyes, and the dazzling beauty of the woman seemed to fill his veins with molten lead and to narcotize his brain.

At the end of the third act one of the ushers waited upon the American, and with ineffable grace asked if Monsieur and Madame Colonel Vanraden would not like to step behind the scenes.

"Ah!" thought the shrewd American; "that is her little game, is it?" To the usher he said: "I should like above all things."

"Colonel Vanraden of America—Mademoiselle Helen Dublanc," said the usher, performing the duty of introduction entrusted to him.

A faint blush warmed the siren's cheek; for lovely, two-faced womankind can blush just as she weeps or smiles—*at will;* and her eyes looked into his with a languid, intoxicating sweetness, and then her features expanded into a smile like a July sunrise. Scantily attired as she was, with a form as dazzlingly perfect as that of Venus emerging from the waves, she looked a living, breathing apotheosis to Passion.

"I shall be glad to have the honor of receiving you in my salons after the play," she said with witching sweetness. "I reside on the Boulevard Hausemann, No. —."

It was the first beckoning of the white arms of Circe; but the Colonel accepted the invitation with grassified ardor. In spite of his resolves, he was beginning to think less of his poor friend Bertie Emerson, and more of Mlle. Helen Dublanc.

"Can she have wrought my poor friend's ruin?" Vanraden asked himself, as at midnight he rang the bell of her luxurious mansion.

"Impossible!" was the answer of his now perverted judgment.

There was a brilliant assemblage already present. Widows of mysterious antecedents; wives in a state of chronic conjugal rebellion; aristocratic dames whose conduct was a marvel and the source of their income a mystery; a count or two; some peculiar members of the Bourse; and plenty of wine and cigarettes.

Mlle. Dublanc had made an irresistible toilet of pale-blue satin, which suited her radiant complexion admirably. She profited by the disorder into which her charms had thrown the American to wind him in a web of captivating small-talk. She introduced him to her guests, kept him constantly at her side, and when he sat down to *ecarte* hung over his shoulder till her breath fanned his cheek. He lost steadily at *ecarte*, and his antagonist

BASEBALL.

FLYAWAY vs. JERSEY CITY.

The Jersey City Browns visited the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, May 28, to play their first game this season with the newly organized Flyaways of New York. Unluckily for the pecuniary results, it rained before the time appointed for play, and that prevented a large attendance. Those who were present, however, witnessed a prettily contested game up to the close of the eighth inning, at which time the score stood 5 to 4 only in favor of Jersey City. These runs had been made in two innings' play by each nine. The Jerseymen led off with a blank, and the Flyaways with a single run, earned off the fielding, but not off the pitching, as only two single-base hits were made. In the third inning the Jerseymen were given three runs through errors, two base-hits assisting. In the fifth the Jerseymen scored two more, one being earned on three base-hits. Then the Flyaways got in heavy on Poorman in the sixth inning, earning three runs. This ended the run-getting until the ninth inning, when the Jersey team punished Purroy to the tune of three earned runs on four successive base-hits. Then the Flyaways got into a streak of wild throwing, and on errors added five unearned runs to their score. The last inning of the Flyaways was played in the rain, they failing to score. It was pretty even work until the ninth inning, and then the Flyaways "went to pieces," and the Browns "picked up the chips" and "carried the news to Mary" over in Jersey. Farrow caught finely, putting out ten men, with but one error. McCann's first-base play, too, was excellent, as were the third-base play of Esterbrook and the short-fielding of Troy. Poorman pitched with good effect, except in the first and sixth innings. Not an error yielded a run. Clinton made a neat catch and threw out a man at home base. In batting Farrow took the lead. One hot line-ball from his bat was splendidly caught by Callahan, who made several pretty stops, but did not throw in well. Purroy pitched well except in two innings, but he did not have the best support behind the bat, though Wareham did some good catching at times. Lavin and Farrell did service in their positions, and Lavin and Raleigh led at the bat. Lynch, the National Club's pitcher, umpired the game very well. The field was in splendid condition, and muffing of ground balls was not excusable, as it is on some grounds.

JERSEY CITY.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	FLYAWAY.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Farrow, c	2	2	8	2	1	Lavin, 1st b	0	0	3	14	1
Troy, s. s	1	1	1	3	0	Towart, s. s	1	1	1	3	2
Booth, r. f	2	1	0	0	0	Purroy, p	0	1	1	1	4
Clinton, l. f	1	2	1	1	0	Raleigh, c. f	1	1	2	0	0
Esterbrook, 3b.	1	0	1	4	0	Bannon, l. f	1	1	0	0	0
Ricker, 2d b	0	0	2	2	0	Farrell, 2d b	0	0	3	4	0
Poorman, p	2	1	1	4	0	Callahan, 3d b	0	0	2	2	1
Lewis, c. f	2	2	0	0	0	Cramer, r. f	0	0	2	0	0
McCann, 1st b.	1	1	15	0	0	Wareham, c	0	0	4	1	3
Totals	13	11	27	16	3	Totals	4	9	27	14	14

Jersey City.....0 0 3 0 2 0 0 0 8—13
Flyaway.....1 0 0 0 3 0 0 0 0—4

Runs earned—Jersey City, 4; Flyaway, 4. First base by errors—Jersey City, 7; Flyaway, 1. Umpire, Mr. Lynch of the National Club of Washington. Time, 2h. 20m.

BOSTON vs. CHICAGO.

The League season in Boston, Mass., was opened May 28, the Bostons then meeting with a decisive defeat by the Chicagos, in the presence of about two thousand spectators. Both nines fielded finely, but the Chicagos excelled in batting, the Bostons making a miserable showing in this respect. O'Rourke was unable to play with the Bostons, and Foley took his place. In the fourth inning of the Chicagos, after two men were out, Anson made a safe hit, took second on Jones' fumble, and scored on Shaffer's hit. A two-baser by Peters and a base on called balls gifted by Larkin, followed by Fogarty's good hit, enabled the Chicagos to score two runs in the sixth inning, and the visitors added three more runs in the last two innings on two-basers by Dalrymple and Quest, singles by Anson and Williamson, and a fumble of Houck's. The Bostons batted very weakly, and failed to earn a run. The fielding and batting features were the fine base-play of Burdock and Quest and the catching of Snyder.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Dalrymple, l. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0	Jones, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Gore, c. f.	4	0	2	2	0	0	Foley, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Anson, 1st b.	4	1	2	14	0	1	Morrill, 1st b	4	0	1	11	0	0
Shaffer, r. f.	4	1	2	2	0	0	Hawes, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Peters, s. s.	4	1	1	2	0	0	Sutton, 3d b.	4	0	0	0	3	0
Quest, 2d b.	4	1	1	2	6	0	Burdock, 2b.	4	0	0	1	5	2
Larkin, p.	4	1	1	0	3	0	Houck, s. s.	3	0	1	0	1	1
Williamson, 3b.	4	1	1	1	1	0	Bond, p.	3	0	0	0	2	0
Flint, c.	4	0	1	6	2	2	Snyder, c.	3	0	0	7	5	0
Totals	36	6	12	27	15	4	Totals	33	0	4	27	20	3

Chicago.....0 0 0 0 1 2 0 0 1 2—6
Boston.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Earned runs—Chicago, 5. Two-base hits—Dalrymple, Gore, Peters, Quest. First base on balls—Larkin, Jones. First base on errors—Chicago, 1; Boston, 2. Struck out—Dalrymple, Gore, Shaffer, Quest, Williamson, Flint, Jones, Sutton, Snyder. Balls called—on Larkin, 81; on Bond, 128. Strikes called—off Larkin, 37; off Bond, 45. Passed balls—Flint, 1. Umpire, McLean of Philadelphia. Time, 2h. 50m.

FLOUR CITY vs. BUFFALO.

May 26 was an unlucky day for League clubs, two coming to grief at the hands of National clubs, the Troy Citys at Washington, D. C., and the Buffalos at Rochester, N. Y., about three thousand persons witnessed the game at Rochester, which was closely contested. The Buffalos made their first run on a base on called balls given Crowley and hits by Walker and Hornung, and in the third inning made their other two runs on single-base hits by Clapp and Crowley. The Flour Citys were blanked until the seventh inning, when, after two men were out, an error of Richardson's and hits by Manning and Leonard brought in two runs. In the eighth inning errors by Fulmer, a base on called balls given Murnan, and Schafer's good hit and base-hit gave the Flour Citys to add two more runs and to win by the following score:

FLOUR CITY.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	BUFFALO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Higham, r. f.	5	1	1	1	0	0	Eggler, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Manning, l. f.	5	1	3	3	1	0	Force, s. s.	4	1	2	2	5	0
McKinn'n, 1b.	5	1	0	7	0	0	Clapp, c.	4	1	2	6	1	0
Leonard, s. s.	4	1	1	2	2	1	Richard'n, 3b.	4	0	1	0	2	1
Murnan, c. f.	4	1	1	2	0	0	Crowley, r. f.	4	1	1	2	1	0
Schafer, 3b.	4	0	2	5	0	0	Walker, 1st b	4	0	1	10	0	0
Smiley, 2d b.	4	0	1	2	4	2	Fulmer, 2d b	4	0	1	1	4	2
Corey, p.	4	0	0	0	4	0	Knowdell, s. s	4	0	0	1	4	2
McClure, c.	4	0	0	4	2	0	Galvin, p.	4	0	0	0	4	0
Totals	39	4	9	27	10	4	Totals	36	3	9	27	16	4

Flour City.....0 0 0 0 2 0 0 2 0—4
Buffalo.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3—3

First base on errors—Buffalo, 1; Flour City, 3. Bases on called balls—Murnan, Crowley, Fulmer. Fly muffed—Horning, 1. Struck out—Eggler (2), Walker, Higham, Woodhead and Sweasey, Coggswell and Sweasey. Earned run—Flour City, 1. Umpire, G. W. Bradley.

HOLYOKE vs. MANCHESTER.

The Holyokes and Manchesters played their fourth championship game May 27 at Manchester, N. H. The preceding games (nine innings) between these nines led to a large attendance on this occasion, when another remarkable contest resulted in the visitors again winning. The Manchesters led up to the end of the eighth inning, when the score stood 11 to 8 in their favor; but the Holyokes in the ninth rounded the pitching of Leary for eight safe hits, including one three-baser and four two-baggers, and before the third man was put out they had placed ten runs to their credit, and thus won, much to the disgust of the spectators.

HOLYOKE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	MANCHESTER.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Dorgan, c.	6	2	1	4	2	3	Cogswell, 1b.	5	2	2	11	1	0
Powell, 1st b.	6	4	5	7	1	0	Wood, c. f.	5	2	3	1	1	0
Connor, 3b.	5	2	1	2	3	0	Morrissey, 3b	5	1	2	3	3	0
Winches'r, 2b	6	1	2	6	6	3	Stoughton, c	5	2	2	3	2	4
Gillespie, l. f.	5	2	3	2	0	0	Leary, p.	5	2	2	0	1	3
W Sull'n, rf.	5	2	1	1	0	0	Sullivan, c. f.	5	2	2	3	0	0
Welch, p., c. f.	5	1	2	2	4	0	Tipper, l. f.	5	2	3	3	0	0
J Sull'n, c.	5	2	2	3	2	0	Woodhe'd, ss	4	0	2	0	3	2
Turbidy, s. s.	5	1	2	0	5	2	Sweasey, 2b.	4	0	1	5	4	1
Totals	49	18	22	27	22	8	Totals	43	11	17	27	16	10

Holyoke.....0 0 3 1 2 0 1 1 10—18
Manchester.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3—11

Earned runs—Holyoke, 5; Manchester, 5. First base on errors—Holyoke, 3; Manchester, 4. Balls called—on Welch, 60; on J. Sullivan, 18; on Leary, 64. Strikes called—off Welch, 24; off J. Sullivan, 3; off Leary, 29. Umpire, R. E. McKean. Time, 1h. 45m.

TROY CITY vs. CINCINNATI.

The Troy Citys easily defeated the Cincinnatis May 28 in the opening championship game at Troy, N. Y. Will White's pitching received terrific punishment, and, aided by damaging errors, the Troy Citys scored twenty runs, mostly made after two men were out in each inning.

TROY.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Hall, c. f.	7	2	2	1	0	0	Hotaling, c. f	5	0	1	0	0	1
Caskins, s. s.	7	2	2	0	6	0	Barnes, 2b.	5	0	0	3	2	2
Mansell, l. f.	7	3	3	2	0	1	Kelly, r. f.	5	0	0	2	0	3
Bradley, p.	7	3	4	1	1	0	McVey, 1b.	4	1	1	13	0	0
Clapp, 1st b.	6	4	3	10	0	1	Dick'son, l. f.	4	1	1	1	0	2
Doscher, 3b.	6	1	4	1	2	0	J. White, c.	4	1	2	7	1	2
Burns, c.	6	1	1	6	2	0	Burke, s. s.	4	0	0	0	4	0
Hawkes, 2b.	6	2	0	2	2	1	W. White, p.	4	1	1	0	8	0
Reilley, c.	6	1	3	8	0	1	Gerhardt, 3b	4	1	2	0	4	1
Totals	57	20	23	27	17	4	Totals	39	6	8	27	16	13

Troy City.....3 0 4 4 0 1 3 2 3—20
Cincinnati.....0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—1

Earned runs—Four each. Two-base hits—Hall, Mansell, Reilley, McVey. Three-base hits—Bradley, Clapp. First base on balls—Burke. First base on errors—Troy City, 7; Cincinnati, 2. Struck out—Cincinnati, 6; Troy City, 4. Balls called—on Bradley, 86; on White, 128. Strikes called —off Bradley, 19; off White, 23. Passed balls—Reilley (2), J. White (1). Wild pitch—White, 1. Umpire, Wilbur of Rochester. Time, 2h. 40m.

CAMPELLO vs. MALDEN.

A Fifteen-Inning Game.

The model game of the season thus far was played May 27 at Campello, Mass. It proved to be one of the best-played games ever witnessed in that vicinity. It was hotly contested, and up to the ninth inning but two men saw third base. The pitching of Fowler and Hallett was very effective, especially that of the latter, eleven of the Maldens retiring on strikes.

CAMPELLO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	MALDEN.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Eldredge, r. f.	7	0	2	1	1	0	Sullivan, l. f.	6	0	0	1	1	2
Mailan, 2b.	7	1	1	1	3	0	Knuback, c. f.	6	0	1	1	0	0
Perkins, c. f.	7	1	0	1	0	0	Callahan, 3b.	6	0	1	5	8	3
Jordan, c.	7	0	1	13	2	0	Fowler, p.	6	0	1	2	8	0
Fox, 3d b.	6	0	0	2	1	0	Brown, c.	6	0	0	9	2	0
G. White'r, lf.	6	0	2	1	0	0	McCarty, 2b.	6	0	0	3	2	0
Fullerton, 1b.	6	0	0	18	0	0	Anthes, s. s.	5	0	0	0	3	1
Bates, s. s.	6	0	1	1	4	0	William's, 1b.	5	0	2	21	0	1
Hallett, p.	6	0	1	3	11	0	Gerrish, r. f.	5	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	58	1	9	43	26	4	Totals	51	0	5	45	26	7

Campello.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1
Malden.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

First base on balls—Campello, 1; Malden, 1. Struck out—Campello, 4; Malden, 11. Passed balls—Brown, 1; Jordan, 1. Umpire, Otis Tilden of Brockton. Time, 2h. 45m.

HARVARD vs. DARTMOUTH.

The Harvards played their second game with the Dartmouth College nine at Hanover, N. H., May 26, having previously beaten them by a score of 5 to 2. The Harvards' hard hitting and a splendid catch by Coolidge were the chief features.

HARVARD.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	DARTM'TH.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Winsor, r. f.	5	1	0	1	0	0	Thayer, 2d b	4	0	0	3	3	1
Tyng, c. f.	5	1	2	1	0	0	Ripley, 1. f.	4	0	2	1	0	0
Ernst, p.	5	2	2	2	12	0	Proctor, r. s.	4	0	0	0	4	2
Coolidge, 2b.	5	1	1	4	2	0	Partridge, 3b.	4	0	1	1	4	0
Munn, s. s.	5	0	0	0	2	2	Conant, c. f.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Alger, c.	5	0	0	7	3	3	Sutcliff, 3b.	4	0	0	0	1	2
Wright, 1b.	4	0	1	11	0	0	Crane, c.	4	0	1	7	2	0
Olmstead, l. f.	4	2	2	0	1	0	Perry, r. f.	4	0	2	1	0	2
Cohen, 3d b.	4	3	3	1	3	0	Rundlett, p.	4	1	1	1	9	0
Totals	42	11	11	27	23	5	Totals	36	3	8	27	19	7

Runs earned—Harvard, 2. First-base on errors—Harvard, 5; Dartmouth, 3. Left on bases—Harvard, 4; Dartmouth, 6. Wild pitches—Dartmouth, 3. Passed balls—Harvard, 4; Dartmouth, 5. Struck out—Harvard, 6; Dartmouth, 4. Umpire, Stephen Nickerson. Time, 2h.

FLOUR CITY vs. MANCHESTER.

The following is the score of the championship game played May 16 at Rochester, N. Y., between the Flour Citys and Manchesters, and which is now published to complete the record:

FLOUR CITY.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	MANCHEST'R.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Higham, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0	Coggswell, lb	4	0	0	9	1	0
McKinn'n, lb	4	0	0	16	0	0	Wood, c. f.	4	0	1	0	3	0
Leonard, s. s.	4	0	0	0	7	0	Morrissey, 3b	4	0	0	0	0	0
Murnan, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Tipper, l. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Schafer, 3b.	4	1	1	1	1	0	Leary, p.	4	0	1	0	9	3
Smiley, 2d b.	4	0	0	3	2	1	Rowen, c.	3	0	0	7	0	2
Corey, p.	4	0	0	0	3	2	McGlynn, rf.	3	1	1	0	0	1
McClure, c.	3	0	0	0	3	4	Woodh'd, ss	3	0	0	2	2	0
Totals	34	1	3	6	27	19	Sweasey, 2b.	3	0	0	3	3	0
							Totals	32	1	3	27	18	6

Flour City.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1
Manchester.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Two-base hits—Schafer and Corey. Double-plays—Woodhead and Sweasey, Coggswell and Sweasey. Earned run—Flour City, 1. Umpire, Bradley.

NATIONAL vs. TROY CITY.

The Troy Citys on their return home from a disastrous Western trip stopped over at Washington, D. C., May 26, to try conclusions with the Nationals of that city. The result was an exciting contest of ten innings, won by the Nationals, who so far this season have been singularly successful. After the Nationals had obtained the winning run in the tenth inning, Bradley suddenly came to the conclusion that it was too dark to play any longer, although it was only half-past six o'clock; and after a short parley with the League umpire, who declined to call game, Bradley positively refused to play, and, throwing down the ball, called his nine from the field and left the ground. Common sense might have told Bradley, whether he played or quit, that, under the rules, the victory would go to the Nationals, they being ahead on even innings at the time playing ceased, and that this childish exhibition of bad feeling would only render him unpopular.

NATIONAL.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	TROY.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Holly, l. f.	5	0	0	2	0	0	Hall, c. f.	5	1	0	0	0	0
McGlel'n, s. s	5	2	2	2	6	0	Caskins, s. s.	5	0	0	3	2	1
Derby, r. f.	5	0	2	0	0	3	Mansell, l. f.	5	1	1	1	0	0
Baker, c. f.	4	0	1	1	0	1	Bradley, p.	4	0	0	0	8	3
Ellick, 3d b.	4	0	1	2	1	1	Clapp, 1st b.	4	0	1	8	0	0
Lynch, p.	4	1	0	0	6	3	Doscher, 3b.	4	0	1	0	2	0
Meyerle, 1b.	4	0	1	14	1	0	Evans, r. f.	4	1	1	3	0	0
Booth, 2d b.	4	1	0	3	4	3	Hawkes, 2b.	4	0	0	5	4	1
Trott, c.	4	0	1	6	5	3	Reilley, c.	4	0	1	9	2	2
Totals	39	4	8	30	21	14	Totals	39	3	5	29	18	7

National.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 1 0—4
Troy.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—3

Earned run—National, 1. Three-base hits—Meyerle, Derby. First base on balls—National, 2; Troy, 3. First base on errors—National, 2; Troy, 2. Struck out—National, 7; Troy, 6. Balls called—on Lynch, 92; on Bradley, 99. Strikes called—off Lynch, 21; off Bradley, 25. Double-plays—Meyerle and McClellan, 2. Umpire, E. Stearns. Time, 2h. 5m.

HOLYOKE vs. MANCHESTER.

A Game of Fourteen Innings.

The Manchesters have been playing some remarkable games this season, including one of ten innings and one of thirteen with the Albanys, and they outdid their previous efforts when they met the Holyokes May 26, at Holyoke, Mass., fourteen innings being played before victory was decided in favor of the home-nine. The playing was especially brilliant at times, both nines hitting hard, and the Manchesters only losing by bad errors at critical points. A high wind prevailed throughout the game, which accounts in part for the errors.

HOLYOKE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	MANCHES'R.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Dorgan, c.	7	0	1	5	2	1	Cogswell, 1b.	7	1	3	19	0	0
Powell, 1b.	7	1	2	12	0	0	Wood, c. f.	7	1	3	1	0	0
Connor, 3b.	7	0	1	3	1	1	Morrissey, 3b	7	0	0	4	6	3
Winches'r, 2b	7	0	2	8	3	4	Stought'n, rf.	6	0	2	0	0	1
Gillespie, l. f.	7	1	3	4	0	0	Leary, p.	6	0	1	0	1	6
W. Sull'n, rf.	7	2	2	2	0	0	Rowen, c.	6	0	1	5	3	6
Welsh, p.	7	0	1	2	7	0	Tipper, l. f.	6	0	2	4	0	0
J. Sull'v'n, cf.	7	0	2	3	0	0	Woodw'd, ss	6	0	2	3	2	0
Turbidy, s. s.	7	0	0	3	5	1	Sweasey, 2b.	6	1	1	4	6	0
Totals	63	4	14	42	18	7	Totals	57	3	12	42	23	16

Holyoke.....0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—4
Manchester.....0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—3

Earned runs—Manchester, 2; Holyoke, 1. Two-base hits—Cogswell, Wood. Three-base hits—Rowen, W. Sullivan. First base on called balls—Manchester, 3; Holyoke, 1. First base on errors—Manchester, 4; Holyoke, 7. Struck out—Manchester, 5; Holyoke, 3. Balls called—off Welch, 117; off Leary, 100. Strikes called—on Welch, 34; on Leary, 43. Double-plays—Holyoke, 1; Manchester, 2. Passed balls—Rowen, 2. Wild pitch—Leary, 1. Umpire, J. R. Ryan. Time, 2h. 30m.

HOLYOKE vs. UTICA.

The Holyokes and Uticas met for the first time in a championship game May 29 at Holyoke, Mass. Both nines played a nearly perfect fielding game, specially noteworthy being splendid catches by Remsen and Dolan and the pitching and catching of Welsh and Dorgan. The home-nine were fortunate in bunching their hits in the fourth and seventh innings, and thus gained a creditable victory.

HOLYOKE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	UTICA.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Dorgan, c.	4	1	3	3	2	1	McGuin's, lb	4	0	0	14	0	0
Powell, 1b.	4	1	2	15	0	0	Mack, s. s.	4	0	0	1	4	0
Connor, 3b.	4	0	0	0	3	0	Dinnin, 2d b.	4	0	1	2	3	0
Winch'st'r, 2b	4	0	1	3	5	0	Battin, 3d b.	4	0	1	2	5	0
Gillespie, l. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0	Remsen, c. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
W. Sull'n, rf.	4	1	1	1	0	0	Kennedy, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Welch, p.	4	1	1	0	4	0	Dolan, r. f.	4	0	1	4	0	0
J. Sull'v'n, c. f	4	0	1	1	0	0	Roche, c.	4	1	1	2	2	0
Turbidy, s. s.	3	2	1	0	4	1	Alcott, p.	3	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	35	7	11	27	17	2	Totals	35	2	6	27	18	1

Holyoke.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 0 0—4
Utica.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—2

First base on errors—Utica, 1. Passed ball—Dorgan, 1. Bases on called balls—Utica, 3. Struck out—Holyoke, 2; Utica, 3. Double-plays—Holyoke, 1; Utica, 1. Two-base hits—W. Sullivan, Roche, Remsen. Earned runs—Holyoke, 6; Utica, 1. Sacrifice-hits—Connor, Remsen, Dolan, Roche. Umpire, C. W. Fields. Time, 2h. 10m.

NEW BEDFORD vs. WORCESTER.

The third championship game between the New Bedfords and Worcesters, played May 28 at New Bedford, Mass., was a remarkable one in many respects. The batting, unusually heavy, earned fourteen of the fifteen runs made by the two nines, and but one man in the entire game reached first base on an error, so very fine was the fielding. Stovey's batting and first-base play and Sam Wright's shortstopping deserve special mention for excellence.

N. BEDFORD.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	WORCESTER.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Stovey, 1st b	4	1	2	15	2	0	Brady, 2d b.	4	1	1	1	2	0
Roseman, r. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0	Knight, r. f.	5	1	2	4	0	0
Muldoon, 3b.	5	1	1	1	0	0	Bennett, c.	5	2	2	2	2	0
Wright, s. s.	5	2	3	3	10	0	Whitney, 3b.	5	2	3	1	0	1
Piggott, c. f.	5	3	3	1	0	0	Sullivan, lb.	5	1	1	14	1	0
Richm'd, c. f.	4	2	1	1	0	0	Bushong, c.	4	0	2	6	0	0
R'schlag'r, c.	5	1	2	0	1	2	Nichols, p.	4	0	0	0	6	3
Keefe, p.	5	1	3	3	6	0	Barrett, l. f.	5	0	1	2	0	0
Kent, p.	5	0	0	0	1	0	Corey, s. s.	4	0	2	0	5	0
Stone, l. f.	4	1	2	2	0	0	Mutrie, l. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Totals	44	9	18	27	22	3	Totals	41	6	16	27	19	3

New Bedford.....0 0 0 4 0 1 0 3 0 1—9
Worcester.....0 0 1 0 3 0 0 1 0 0—5

Earned runs—New Bedford, 9; Worcester, 5. Two-base hits—Stovey, Piggott, Reipschlager, Bennett, Nichols. Three-base hit—Briody. Home-runs—Muldoon, Knight, Bennett. First base on errors—New Bedford, 5; Worcester, 2. Double-plays—Wright, Briody and Stover (4); Mutrie, Sullivan and Bushong. Passed balls—Reipschlager, 2. Wild pitch—Nichols, 3. Umpire, Charles E. Davis of New Bedford. Time, 2h. 1m.

ALBANY vs. SPRINGFIELD.

The Albanys won their second championship game from the Springfields at Albany, N. Y., May 28. Knowdell made his first appearance behind the bat for the Springfields on this occasion. Pike made a clean home-run, earning one run for the Springfields, who fielded so poorly that the Albanys gained nine unearned runs, as the score below shows:

ALBANY.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	SPRINGF'D.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Burns, 3d b.	5	1	2	0	0	0	Cassidy, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Dunlap, 2d b	5	2	1	3	6	1	atham, 1b.	4	1	0	9	0	0
Hay, s. s.	5	0	1	2	0	2	Pike, c. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Hanlon, l. f.	5	2	1	5	0	1	Ferguson, s. s	4	0	1	3	2	1
Thomas, c. f.	4	2	2	0	0	0	O'Leary, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	2
Tobin, 1b.	4	2	1	11	1	0	Smith, 3d b.	4	0	0	0	2	0
Rocap, r. f.	4	1	0	0	0	0	Crane, 2d b.	4	0	2	2	3	0
Keenan, c.	4	1	2	8	2	3	Corcoran, p.	4	1	1	0	16	5
Critchley, p.	4	0	0	0	9	0	Knowdell, c.	4	0	2	11	5	0
Totals	40	10	10	27	19	5	Totals	36	4	8	27	26	15

Albany.....4 0 0 1 0 0 0 5 0—10
Springfield.....1 0 0 2 1 0 0 0 0—4

Earned runs—Albany, 1; Springfield, 1. Two-base hits—Crane, 2. Three-base hits—Thomas, Keenan. Home-run—Pike. Sacrifice hits—Hanlon. First base on balls—Springfield, 1. First base on errors—Albany, 5; Springfield, 4. Struck out—Albany, 12; Springfield, 8. Balls called—on Critchley, 91; Corcoran, 141. Strikes called—off Critchley, 20; Corcoran, 29. Double-plays—Ferguson, Crane, Latham, Ferguson, Latham. Passed balls—Keenan, 2, Knowdell, 5. Wild pitches—Corcoran, 2. Umpire, J. T. Lynch of Holyoke. Time, 2h. 30m.

STAR vs. CLEVELAND.

The opening game of the season in Syracuse May 28 between the Stars and Clevelands was witn

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, June 2.

LADIES' LIST.

Anderson, Mad. (p. o. m. London, Eng.) 9c.
Anderson, Nellie
Audley, Oley
Arnold, Ella
Anderson, Nellie (with Royal Blondes)
Boshell, Ada (of Denier's Comb.)
Bryant, Nellie (late of Cleveland)
Bidwell, Dollie
Burt, Ida
Birch, Hannah (care Larry Tooley)
Barnum, Mrs. G. (English p.o. mark)
Burdeau, Mrs. Jane
Beaumont, Nellie
Carpenter, Ida (of Holman Op. Co.)
Carnisi, Elsa
Clark, Mrs. Lillie (late of Galveston, Tex.)
Chesber, Annie (of Chanfrau's Co.)
Courtright, Mrs. Wm.
DeLange, Minnie
Derous, Lizzie (of Thompson's Comb.)
Desrin, Minnie
Dingeon, Helen (of Salsbury's Troub.)
Eubanks, Mrs. Louisa
Edwards, Nellie
Emmons, Julia (2)
Egberts, Nannie (of Johnson & Crane's Co.)
Eytinge, Rose (4)
Eagles, Mrs. Geo. S.
Fletcher, Lizzie (leading "biz")
Fisher, Mrs. Em
Fisk's Bloodes, Manag. May
Franks, Flora (Gillespie, Mrs. (late of London, Canada)
Goss, Mrs. J.
Grandjean, Jose
Hamilton, Dollie
Hunt, Lizzie (of Our Board Ho. Co.)
Irwin, May (of Pastor's Co.) (2)
Kaine, Georgie (of Pastor's Co.)
Leigh, Misa (care M. Leavitt)
Lewis-Burt, Fannie
Lipsey, Mrs.
Loane, Josie A.
Lawton, Emma A.
Larnon, Jennie
Miller, Mrs. S. (p. o. m. North East, Md.)
Mitchell-Paddock, Maggie
Merton, Bueler
Marshall, May
Montrose, Ada (variety "biz")
McConnell, Hattie
Miller, Etta R.
Nelson, Miss S. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Nichols, Maggie (of the Odeon, Baltimore)
North, Vic (of Den ler's Co.)
O'Brien, Mrs. Addie (of Pullman Car.)
Parker, Lizzie (of Parker Sisters)
Pressey, Emma (late of Hess' Opera Co.)
Phillips, Amy
Peak, Mrs. Fannie
Proctor, Jessie
Paul, Eugenia
Pascoe, Marie
Paddock, Mrs. Maggie
Plimsoll, Flora
Raynham, Kate (care M. Leavitt)
Rogers, Mrs. Emma
Richmond, Adah
Rosuah, Mlle.
Rodgers, Addie E.
Russell, Lottie
Robeson, Erba 12c.
Reifforth, Miss J. (2)
Roze, Lu-lu
Schott, Angie
Swain, Carrie (vocalist)
Stevens, Mrs. H. P.
Sutherland, Agnes M.
St. Felix Sisters
Sylvester, Emily
Shallalist)
Steele, Dora
Stacy, Minnie A.
Siddons, Ida
St. Maur, Bella
Stone, Amy
St. Clair, Dalsie (song-and-dance)
Thompson, Mrs. Lock
Templeton, Fay
Watson, Louisa A.
Wolff, Mad. Marie
Weaver, Mrs. H. A.
Wilson, Julia of D.
Thompson's Co.)
Wallace-Villa Co., Manager
Williams, Mollie (of Un. Tom Co.)
Walcott, Julia
West, Lillie (of Eagleclaw Co.)
Wallace, Mamie (care Jos. Wallace)
Yeamans, Jennie

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Arlington, Wm.
Adams, Yank
Arnold, Max S.
Arnold, W. H.
Admiral Dot
Alynn, F. J.
Arnold, Amos D.
Allen, W. L.
Ball, Frank
Butler, R. (of Georgia Sub. Singers)
Bosworth, J. W. (juggler)
Baker, E. E.
Barrett, Will R.
Banga, F. C. (2)
Bryant, L. J. (manager)
Bunny, F. (of Gibson & Bunny)
Bosworth, Frank
Bush, F.
Barnes, W. E.
Blossom, Nat
Bent, Benj. (cornetist)
Bouscault, Dion
Bliss, F. R.
Baird, W. (of N. O. Minst.)
Burks, J. M. (Irish "biz")
Bray, W. H. (2)
Byron, O. L.
Blackford & Rye
Clark, Jas. W.
Campbell, E. R.
Caraola, J. Kit (2)
Colville, Sam
Chaffee, G. W.
Carroll, C. A.
Cecil, A. A.
Charvat, F. P.
Conklin, Tee (of Commonwealth Cir.)
Crosby, G. (of Coup's Circus)
Chappelle, W. J. (2)
Cole, A. (of Welch & Rice's Minst.)
Cushman, F. (of Welch & Rice's Minst.)
Corbil, C. (of Rentz's Minst.)
Calico, Geo.
Clark, Goldie
Cootley, J. (of Hayerly's Minst.)
Clarke, Harry
Girush "biz")
Curtis, W. B.
Chenet, C. (of Rice's Evang. Co.)
Davenport, Harry
Ducros, Geo.
Dobson, F. B.
Doud, O. W.
Dinsmore, J. (of Commonwealth Cir.)
Davis, C. L.
Davey, T. W. (manager)
DeJalma, Red (tire-eclor) (2)
Decker, H. (of Ad. Richmond's Co.)
Dunlop, Geo.
Dunham, Frank
Duncan, C. H.
Dunfee, G. H. (2)
DeSalos, Brandis
Devonear, Peter
Edwards, Eddie
Edouin, Willie
Emerson & Clark
Estella, J. (of Thompson's Co.)
Edmont, Lawrence
Fields, J. (of Fields & Hanson)
Foey, P. C. (p. o. m. Liverpool, Eng.)
Fleury, Fernando 6c.
Fox, J. E. (of Dupa & Ben. Min.) (2)
Forrester, W. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Foxy, P. C.
Forrester, B. (of B. W. Minst.)
Emmett, J. K.
Fuller, Hugh
Foote, Wm. (of Hayerly's Minst.)
Ferguson, T. (of Ferguson & Flack)
Fraser, Sid C.
Goodyear, C. W.
Gorman Bros.
Gardner, Dick (coronetist)
Gladstone, Sam
Gaston, Albert
George, A. (p. o. m. Southampton, Eng.)
Goodwin, Jr., N. C.
Gallis, H. (of N. O. Minst.)
Gill, W. B. (comedian) (2)
Guilford, Geo. J.
Gorman, Miles
Haslam, C. (of Hayerly's Minst.)
Hodges, T. (p. o. m. Bilston, Eng.)
Howard, H. (Dutch "biz")
Hunter, Louis S. (2)
Hague, Jr., Sam

THERE WAS A LETTER for Miss G. Belmont, of Ford's Theatre Co., in the Richmond (Va.) Post-office on May 31.

THERE IS A LETTER in the Cadiz (Ohio) Post-office for Selleck & Co.'s Fine Art Entertainment.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, June 2, '79.

The lines so carefully laid out in the closing days of last Summer, and so tenderly guarded during the Fall and Winter months, are being abandoned on the double-quick movement, very few of the dramatic fortresses being left to tell the tale of theatrical dissolution. Those who have had the courage to enter upon a Summer campaign at the end of a disastrous season are hoping against hope, pulling against the tide, and struggling with all the energy of a stevedore who gets paid by the hour; but the public are not taking much stock in Summer-nights' entertainments, unless they be in the guise of strawberry festivals, clam-chowder recitals, or ice-cream freeze-outs. At the many social eats now programmed there is a promise of large assemblages of good livers and hard-working consumers, and genuine bakes are already beginning to occupy reserved seats, as it were, in the Summer bill-of-fare, and as one theatre winds up, a clam-bake or chowder is ordered upon the ruins; as a church terminates its pious labors for the term, a strawberry colseum flops down upon the site. Brother Talmage brought his Brooklyn congregation to a close last week, the acrobatic soothsayer and scriptural highkicker saying farewell to them on May 28. Let us commend him to the proper care and consideration of the old sports on the other side. He has his idiosyncracies, if he is true; but as a walkerophist he is excelled by none, while as a theological percheeequipoisist he is equaled by few. Seagoing steamers last week carried from our shores a large number of public favorites and prominent performers in nearly every walk of show life, including, as we have been informed, Mike Molder, the original Great American Pie-biter, who has acted in the presence of all the crowned heads of Europe, and who has been awarded first medals by the various World's Expositions held in Europe and America—he has many imitators, but there is only one genuine American Pie-biter, and Mike Molder is his name. Upon the same steamer that carried the Pieniter and the theological acrobat went as passengers Tim Magee and Leroy Gonzales, two of our chiefest song-and-dance artists, who took the highest honors and a gold medal in the great competition which attracted the attention of the world in the great Centennial display of 1876! They may probably be commanded to appear before the Prince of Wales and Sam Hague before they return to the shores of America. Modjeska like the Polar Star is also voyaging Eastward, on the trackless ocean, leaving many withered hearts behind to mourn their loss:

PARTING LINES.

O Modjeska! when upon the broad Atlantic
Thou art seasick, almost frantic,
Think of all the loving hearts that thou has left behind.
When the weird and wild winds blow,
And the salt sea spray caress thee,
Let scalding tears pour from thine orbs till thou art nearly blind.
And oh! when at the dinner-table
The luscious viands prove a fable,
And you are obliged to hurriedly scramble up the companion-way to get a little fresh air before venturing on the attack again, then, oh, then, think of all the other hearts that will ache, etc.

We learn that the Great Dramatic Temple is to be managed next season by the firm of Dough, Stick & Co., who have an immense capital, which, combined with their vast experience, ought to make this favorite house the head-centre of the theatrical world. They will run it as a purely emotional caravansery. *Later.*—Since the above was in type, we have been informed, upon unimpeachable evidence, that Bull, Doze & Bull have already taken possession of the Great Dramatic Temple, which they propose to manage as a legitimate high-art conservatory. The scenery, which is to be all new, is now being painted in Italy by the great scenic-artists Coldini and Valpucini. This is authentic. STILL LATER.—The papers have just been signed by which Messrs. Murphy & Guden have at length received a five years' lease of the Great Dramatic Temple. They pay forty-five thousand dollars per year, with the privilege of extending it if they desire it. They will play first-class stars only, and they have already secured, at enormous salary, Irving, Barry Sullivan, Salvini, Miss Swanborough, Pony Moore, Blondin, Adelaide Neilson, Blower Brown, and other European celebrities. *Postscript.*—Owing to circumstances over which nobody seems to have had any control, the Great Dramatic Temple will cease to be a legitimate theatre, but will hereafter be conducted as a first-class circus, after the manner of Astley's, London. All the available talent in the country will be concentrated in the Great Dramatic Temple next Fall, making it one of the most attractive places of resort in the world. Astley's entire stud of performing horses is to be brought over in the Great Eastern, which has been expressly chartered for the purpose. They *do* say that Astley is to be one of the managers. IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!—Notwithstanding the many rumors regarding the future of the Great Dramatic Temple, we are in a position to state that J. H. Haverly has paid the rent for three years in advance, and he now has the lease in his pocket! Our readers will remember that we hinted at this last Fall, when reports concerning the probable bankruptcy of the Temple were current. Although we are perfectly cognizant of Mr. Haverly's plans, yet we do not think it would be fair or honorable to disclose them at present. Suffice it to state that Mr. Haverly's agents are now scattered throughout Europe, and already several important stars have signed, including Patti, Nicolini, Nilsson, Sims Reeves, and Sullivan and Gilbert, with *the original score* of the ever-living "Pinafore." Negotiations are likewise pending with Jenny Lind, who will, for a valuable consideration, emerge from her retirement, and once more visit the scenes of her early triumphs. We alone have this important intelligence, and when THE NEW YORK CLIPPER is issued this week Fifth avenue will be in a flutter of excitement, and Murray Hill will go wild!

EXULTIMUS!

Let the wild bassoon its crashing tones expound,
And the bombadoon its bir-like notes resound;
Let the ophicleide its shrill-est whispers shout,
And the deep-toned fife its timbre low mout;
While the multifarious drum in accents sweet
Proclaims the news, in strains both loud and deep:
That Haverly caught the Great Dramatic Temple on the fly.

Here's a funny thing: An attache of a Western theatre having been cut while engaged in a melee with a fellow-supe, the physician of the hospital called upon to prescribe for the wounded man, began to *probe for the knife!*..... The alleged baby-show did not come up to the recent dog-show, either artistically or financially. In the first place, there seemed to be a lack of babies, and in the next place there was an equal lack of baby patrons.

So the infantile show at Brewster Hall

Came to an end in a fierce white squall.

The walking being good, quite a number of unfortunate Thespians, who had been left, reached the city since our latest issue, and the Rialto has been made glad by their presence. Just now the metropolis is the Mecca towards which managers and people are making their annual pilgrimage with a view to signing contracts for the next season. The dramatic agencies are already lively with the sound of many voices; yea, the juvenile, and the walking-gentleman, and the old man make themselves heard in the agents' halls, while the soubrette and the low comedian make moan in the shades of the plaza, and plan make moan in the shades of the plaza, and plan make moan in the shades of business. The tragedian and the "Pinafore"-ist walk cheek by jowl near the jocund pool in Union-square, and soothingly sympathize with each other on the decay of trade and the scarcity of profitable engagements. There is no lack in their enforced idleness..... The manager of Wallack's Theatre must now realize the fact that, away from New York and its vicinity, he is of but little accoun', for the tour he is now fulfilling in the principal Western cities has not been productive of encouraging results, which, when aided by the powerful management and support of J. H. Haverly and others. The prestige attached to the name of *the* Wallack does not seem to have been inherited by his son Lester Wallack, who should now, in his ripe and mellow years, be in the enjoyment of great popularity throughout the country; but his histrionic efforts fail to gather about him the large and appreciative assemblages which greeted the elder Wallack whenever and wherever he appeared. The son of his father may be able to pull up when he strikes the Pacific slope, and thus become be made easy for manager as well as for actor..... They say there is a conspiracy in abeyance the object of which is to hurl upon the nation next Fall and Winter an army of "Pinafore" veterans and recruits, their base of supplies being New York and Philadelphia. May we not with reason ask "Where are the police?" Was not the country overrun and pillaged by the reckless "Pinafores" last season? Is our past liberal patronage to be construed into a yearning for more of the same sort? In one or more Western cities a few days ago a long-suffering people forced open the jail in which were confined two penitent malefactors, and hung the culprits by the neck until they were null and void. Are we, in like manner, to be compelled to take the law into our own hands, and, by force of arms, thought, exterminate the whole brood of "Pinafore" criminals? Who knows? We may yet be forced to take up arms against a sea of troublesome Admirals, Captains, Buttercups, Boatswains, and Midshipmites. The pencil-marks are on the dead walls. Let the seething conspirators beware! The notes of the anniversary of the birth of T. Moore, poet, which came off at the Academy of Music on May 28, was a decided success, and would have been greatly enjoyed by the genial Tom, had circumstances permitted of his being present. There was much to hear, there was speechmaking, and generally the programme was of a very interesting character. When the last number had been eloquently discoursed by the orchestra, the vast throng, in emulation of the good things, asked for Moore! And it was only the banquet that followed that enabled the managers to clear the house where erst the harp of Erin sweet "its soul of music shed."

"IN MEMORIAM."

One hundred yes'rs ago, dear friends,
Tom saw the light of day;
And so delighted was the bard,
He concluded for to stay.
But Death, in his relentless course,
In whirlwind, noise and din,
Swooped down upon the minstrel boy,
And sadly "tock him in."
"Gone, but not forgotten."

May 28, 1879. "O. J."

.....Learning that, in the everglades of Florida, an alligator was recently caught and dissected upon whose person four watches and other valuable provender were found, a speculative sideshowman has conceived the happy idea of training a number of alligators and setting them loose among the bathers at Long Branch, Cape May, Newport, Coney Island, Atlantic City, etc. It is computed by the showman that a single well-trained alligator can get away with half-a-dozen unsuspicious bathers in one day. The trained one then makes its way to a boat in which the showman innocently plies his oar, and is then, through the instrumentality of a dose of antimonial wine, made to disgorge its illgotten plunder. Furthermore, "ocea nhair" is to be used. Why not? Delsarte appeared in a varied and entertaining programme.

DECORATION DAY (May 30) brought an influx of people from the suburban towns, who liberally patronized most of our theatres, the Lyceum, Park, and Union-square Theatres, the Eagle, Francisco Minstrels' and Grand Opera-houses attracting the largest attendance.

A NEW DRAMATIC AGENCY has been opened on the easterly side of Broadway, No. 864, a few doors above Seventeenth street, by Messrs. Fox and Foster, under the firm, which has been expressly chartered for the purpose. They do say that Astley is to be one of the managers. IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!—Notwithstanding the many rumors regarding the future of the Great Dramatic Temple, we are in a position to state that J. H. Haverly has paid the rent for three years in advance, and he now has the lease in his pocket! Our readers will remember that we hinted at this last Fall, when reports concerning the probable bankruptcy of the Temple were current. Although we are perfectly cognizant of Mr. Haverly's plans, yet we do not think it would be fair or honorable to disclose them at present. Suffice it to state that Mr. Haverly's agents are now scattered throughout Europe, and already several important stars have signed, including Patti, Nicolini, Nilsson, Sims Reeves, and Sullivan and Gilbert, with *the original score* of the ever-living "Pinafore." Negotiations are likewise pending with Jenny Lind, who will, for a valuable consideration, emerge from her retirement, and once more visit the scenes of her early triumphs. We alone have this important intelligence, and when THE NEW YORK CLIPPER is issued this week Fifth avenue will be in a flutter of excitement, and Murray Hill will go wild!

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"THE PINAFORE" fever has now fairly set in, reports our Chicago, Ill., correspondent, adding: "The Summer comic-opera season began at McVicker's May 27 with the engagement of Duff's Standard Theatre Company, who have presented 'Cox and Box' and 'Pinafore' all of the week to fine attendance. Thomas Whiffin presented the best Admiral yet seen here; Hart Conway was a fairly satisfactory Captain Corcoran, Alonzo Hatch a very enjoyable Ralph, William Davidge an unctuous Dick Deadeye, Charles Makin decidedly the best Boatswain, Miss Marie Stone (as before at McVicker's) sang sweetly as Josephine, Miss Blanche Galton gave the most artistic portrait of Little Buttercup yet seen here, and sang the music much the best, and Mlle. Jarbeau gave character and force to Hebe. The minor roles were well filled by C. H. Chester, Howard and Master Henry. The chorus was unusually large and efficient, also the orchestra, under Max Maretzek. The amusing trifle 'Cox and Box' was capitally carried through by Messrs. Whiffin, Conway and Makin. The same bill will probably continue all of another week. The Little Duke' and 'Patinitza' are in active preparation. Chicago ought to be the best city in the country for Summer entertainments, as it is so cool, particularly in the evenings. The class of amusements which Manager McVicker has inaugurated should prove especially successful.....At the Academy the Madrigals, virtually the same organization that lately appeared at the West-end Opera-house, with Frank Stewart as manager and J. H. Rennie as stage-manager, have presented 'Pinafore' all of the week to a rather light attendance. They go through Michigan.....At Hooley's June 2 Gilmore's New York Juvenile 'Pinafore' Company begin a week's season.....Mrs. Marshall Dutton assisted H. C. Eddy at his ninety-seventh organ-recital at Hershey Hall 31.....Carl Wolfsohn's pupils give their annual concert at the Methodist Church Block June 12....The Apollo Club gives its last concert of the season 5.....A soiree musicale will be given at the Chicago Musical College 4."

"PINAFORE" was again presented in Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., May 27, to an extra large audience, on the occasion of George Denham's benefit. The cast was: Sir Joseph, Mr. Denham; Josephine, Miss Annandale; Capt. Corcoran, Mr. Young; Ralph, Mr. Collins; Dick Deadeye, Mr. Greensfelder; Hebe, Miss Mackenzie. The same bill was repeated the rest of the week to ordinarily good business. This bill will also be given for the Poor Excursion Fund benefit.....The Summer Garden concerts at the Academy of Music commence June 2, with Miss Knox and Levy the cornetist.

Ira Morrison and Hattie Moulton on May 26 resumed alternating the part of Josephine in "Pinafore" at the North Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia, where "Trial by Jury," with Louise Leighton as the Plaintiff and Eugene Clarke as the Defendant, is included in the bill, Miss Morrison being substituted for "Comradasista." Attendance, which has been satisfactory all along, improved somewhat the past few weeks. Manager J. S. Crossy benefited 30, when he appeared as Capt. Corcoran in "Pinafore," playing the part with much unctuous humor and making a pronounced hit. Aside from this, the features of the occasion were the appearance in "Pinafore" of Hattie Arnold as Josephine in the first act, and Ella Montejo in the same part in the second; the performance of Buttercup in the second act by Sybella Mayer, who volunteered, the character being sustained by Katie Thayer in the first act; and the presentation of souvenir card-programmes to the audience and of "Pinafore" fans to the ladies. These fans bore colored representations of the characters in "Pinafore." Adelaide Detchon (Hebe) was presented with a handsome bouquet of flowers in accordance with a recent determination, Manager Crossy ended his season 31, and the house is now closed.

THE JOINT BENEFIT of Messrs. G. A. Hough and Chas. A. Shaw of the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house took place May 27 to a crowded house, "Pinafore" being the attraction, with an amateur cast, excepting Josephine, which was taken by Matilda Scott (Mrs. Edward Paine), and the operetta was very finely rendered. Mrs. Kennan's Buttercup surpassed any we have yet had (copying Mrs. Barry's). We understand it is her intention to adopt the stage. The rest of the characters were well sustained, and the chorus, although lacking animation, were acceptable. Prof. Paine directed and drilled the soloists and chorus. Messrs. Hough and Shaw feel highly gratified with this benefit. May be left 29 for New York, where he has a Summer engagement as treasurer.....Wilhelmj concertized at the Grand Opera-house 26.

"PINAFORE," as sung in Martin Hall, Albany, N. Y., May 29, 30, 31, by a local company, under management of Theodore Mosher, agent of the above hall, succeeded in attracting a very good attendance. Our correspondent remarks: "Harry Mainhall assumed the role of Sir Joseph Porter; T. Wilmot Eckert was the Rackstraw; Carl Greig, Captain Corcoran; Paul Dowling, Dick Deadeye; Miss McDonough, Bill Bobstay; Lizzie Duffy, Josephine; Augusta Lewi, Little Buttercup; and Kitty Merchant, Hebe. Messrs. Mainhall and Eckert are professionals, both residing in this city. Mainhall made a very good Sir Joseph, while Eckert was the best representative of Rackstraw, vocally and otherwise, that we have seen. This last-named gentleman sang with the San Francisco Minstrels last season, under the name of T. Wilmot. Messrs. Greig, Herbst and McDonough surprised their friends by the highly satisfactory manner in which they rendered their respective characters. Miss Lewi is a superior contralto, and consequently scored a success, while the Misses Duffy and Merchant are also entitled to favorable notice. The chorus and orchestra were in harmony with the rest of the performance, which was on the whole pleasing and acceptable."

THE VIVIAN "PINAFORE" COMPANY, in its second week at Uhrig's Cave Garden, St. Louis, Mo., did so well that it is announced for another week.

THE "DUCASS" ORCHESTRA gave a delightful last concert for the season at Music Hall, Cincinnati, O., May 30.....The pupils of the public schools concertized afternoon and evening of 31 at Music Hall, for the purpose of raising a fund to endow scholarships in the College of Music for public-school children.....Fred C. Hackard, tenor of the Carl Rosa Troupe, was found wandering about Dayton 29, somewhat deranged. He was brought to his brother's house, in Cincinnati, and recovered rapidly. He attributed the attack to an overdose of medicine containing morphine. Mr. Hackard is shortly to marry Miss Julia Gaylord of the same company, now visiting in Hamilton, O. Advices of May 31.

THE "CAPTAIN BOYTON" GALLOP can be obtained at C. M. Brinkerhoff's address. See card.

GEO. C. DOBSON'S BANJOS, guitars, etc., are advertised in another column.

NEW BANJO MUSIC, published by John Magez, is noticed in his card elsewhere.

AT THE MÄNNERCHOR GARDEN, Philadelphia, a private concert was given for members of the press and other invited guests May 21. The military band of twenty pieces, under the management of Carl Sentz, performed a number of choice selections. An elegant collation was partaken of, and during the discussion of the eatables and drinkables speeches were made, stories told, and songs sung. The affair was a pleasant one, and formed a fitting introduction to the regular season of Summer-night concerts, which begins June 2.

AIMEE and her Opera-bouffe Company begin at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, June 2.

THE NEW PATENT medley overture Lancashire clog can be obtained of J. Chadsey, who advertises.

A MANAGER is wanted to travel in advance of a lady orchestra and Swiss-bell party through Canada, either with an interest in the company or on salary. Address "Orchestra," as per card.

CHARLES M. THOMAS, leader of band and orchestra, advertises that he will be at liberty after July 8. He is well up in dramatic and variety business.

THE SPAULDINGS and Cool Burgess closed a successful season of eight weeks May 31. Their route took in all the principal towns and cities of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding and Cool Burgess go to Boston for the Summer. The Spauldings start on their fifteenth annual tour early in August.

THE OAKES BROTHERS' CONCERT COMPANY have just completed a tour of Iowa, where they have been giving entertainments successfully for ninety-six nights. They are now in Wisconsin. Manager S. Burt Oakes advertises that he would like to hear from Frank De Leauhodny and wife.

DE MURSKA, Rosnati, Tagliapietra and Lanegan had only a moderate attendance in Troy, N. Y., May 28, but gave excellent satisfaction.....Boston "Pinafore" Company, also in "Trial by Jury," 26, 27.

IN CLEVELAND, O., "The Frog Opera" was given in the Euclid-avenue Opera-house May 29, 30, 31, to fair business.....Signor Rudi gave a concert and musicale at Weisgerber's Hall 28.....Charles Drew of the Colville Folly Company is spending part of his vacation there—his home.

PITTSBURG MAY MUSICAL FESTIVAL commenced May 28 at the Exposition Building, and, although the attendance averaged large, it is stated expenses were not made within some $800. Artistically the success was almost complete, the chorus of 200 voices being notably efficient. The soloists, Messrs. Whitney and Courtney and Misses Whitney and Welsh, acquitted themselves generally satisfactorily, and the orchestra discharged its duties very creditably. Profs. Teledoux and Retter are entitled to much credit for their efforts in making the festival an artistic success.....John J. Benitz and wife of the Seville Opera Company were in town last week visiting friends. They return to New York June 2.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Brooklyn, May 30, a crowded audience greeted the English-opera Company in "Pinafore." All the principal solos and concerted pieces were encored. Miss Annis Montague and Miss Laura Joyce, and Messrs. Castle and Peakes receiving loud applause. The children's company from Haverly's appeared at a matinee 31. Both are to visit Brooklyn again this week, on Saturday.

THE PHILADELPHIA CHURCH CHOIR "Pinafore" Company appeared in Roberts' Opera-house, Hartford, Ct., May 30, 31, to good business, and are announced in Holyoke, Mass., June 2, Springfield 3, Worcester 4, Fall River 5, New Bedford 6, and Newport, R. I., 7.

PROFESSIONAL TAMBOURINES can be obtained at Roe Stephens' address. See card.

VARIETY HALLS.

AT THE NATIONAL, Hartford, Ct., "The Black Crook," which was produced with good scenic effect, constituted the attraction last week. The cast, which was in the main a strong one, included Walter Bray as the Crook, Press Eldridge as Greppo, Chas. Austin as Count Stolnhope, C. G. Skene as the Baron, Lillie Howard as Stalacta, Lou Williams as Dame Gretchen, and Irene Raymond as Lizzette. The ballet, which was a feature, was led by Mlle. Santella, and contained as principals the Clinetop Sisters, Louise De Luisi, Fanny Lucille, Farron Sisters, Mary Wesner and Irene Santella. During the action of the piece Mollie Wilson sang serio-comic songs, Chas. and Carrie Austin introduced their bayonet-drill, and Frank Melrose, one-legged gymnast, assisted by N. Livingston as clown, appeared in horizontal-bar exercises. The average attendance was good. The theatre closed with the peformance of May 31, the Austins, the Clinetop Sisters, Lillie Howard, C. M. Bassett and Press Eldridge going to Boston; Mollie Wilson, the Farren Sisters, Melrose and Livingston and Young America, to New York; Louise De Luisi, Philadelphia; Mary Wesner, Baltimore; Fanny Lucille and Irene Santella, Providence, R. I.

LOU DAVENPORT, Fanny Valade and T. Goode, vocalist, were the new faces at the Theatre Comique, Richmond, Va., the past week, and were well received. No departures. Business fair. F. W. Putnam and Geo. W. King of the Comique have ordered a sixty-foot round-top tent from New York, and are now forming a variety troupe to take the road the latter part of the present month.

TONY PASTOR'S TRAVELING COMBINATION is billed in Montreal, P. Q., June 2, 3, 4, 5, Toronto, Ont., 6, 7, Buffalo, N. Y., 9, 10, Cleveland, O., 11, Toledo 12, Detroit, Mich., 13, 14.

MISS BELLA MORTON, cornet-soloist, is engaged for the Summer at the Novelty Theatre, Coney Island.

JOHN H. CARLE, known in variety theatres, has returned to his old home, in Portland, Me., after an absence of nineteen years. He gave entertainments, assisted by local talent, there May 30, 31, to small audiences.

A LEADVILLE, COL., correspondent, writing on May 22, says: "At the Theatre Comique 23 a complimentary benefit is to be tendered to Mons. Leo and James Le Clair, when the following volunteers are to appear: Mlle. Leona, female Blondin; Prof. T. J. Gillis, fire-king; Sam Ford and Clarence Whistler, Græco wrestling; Prof. Lemoyn in Indian-club exercises; Mr. Lester in Scottish pastimes; Mons. Leo and James Le Clair, aerial gymnasts; Baby McDonald, child-artist; James McDonald, pedestal clog-dancer; and Tommy Turner, banjoist. The regular company now includes Turner and Collins, Robinson Family, Addie Palmer, Bobby Gaylor, Mlle. Marretta, the Martelle Children, Mlle. Zell, Joy Howard, Lew Spencer, Charles Andrews, Rosa Marretta, Lizzie Harmon, John Conners, Fanny Garretson, and Ada Sanborn. McDaniels, the well-known manager of Cheyenne, is in town, and is very reticent when questioned as to his object in coming hither. The Coliseum Novelty Theatre, after having undergone a thorough renovation, was reopened May 5 under the management of Frank Enzensperger. From pit to dome the building has received fresh paint and papering, and especial attention has been given to the retouching of the scenery. The company includes Horton and Mason, song-and-dance; Sam Murdy, comedian; George F. Moore, facial artist; Boyd and Wade, negro songs-and-dances; the Fontainebleaus —Leona, Baby Ella and Blanche—Little Dot in fancy-dances; Miss May Livingston, recitations; Georgia Alma, vocalist; Ella La Rue, cornet and banjo; Hattie Wade, serio-comic; Maggie Foster in operatic selections. Dr. H. H. Arnold, actor and singer, who closed an engagement at the Coliseum recently, is now interested at Twin Lakes, where he has fitted up a pleasure resort." LATER—May 25—Another correspondent writes: "Leadville has narrowly escaped destruction by fire, for it has for days been surrounded by flames which have raged through the timber beyond all human control, and the entire northwestern suburb consisting of lately-built cabins is entirely destroyed, and the flames came within a few hundred feet only of destroying the finest residences in the city. At time of present writing, the business portion is considered safe, but volumes of smoke are rising densely from beyond California Gulch, and it is feared that our neighboring camps are threatened.

BUSINESS has been unusually good at the Coliseum, Detroit, Mich., during the week of May 26. The following were the attractions: Manchester and Jennings in their popular eccentricities; the Love Sisters in pleasing acts; Fostelle and Armstrong in "Chips" made a hit and have been re-engaged for another week; and Charles L. Davis and Emma Vern repeated their success of last Fall in "Alonzo Smith." Departures 31: The Love Sisters, Manchester and Jennings, to Evansville, Ind. Arrivals June 2: Ira A. Paine, Harry and Mary Gardiner, Minnie Rainforth and Prof. Martyne.....At the Comique poor business has been done, Miss Lizzie Harmon being engaged. They all close May 31 when another new management will take hold, viz., Messrs. Cunningham & Ward, with J. D. Ward as business-manager; W. A. Gregston, stage-manager; and the following company open there June 2: The Gory Sisters, Wilston and Fox, Jas. Julia, Tom E. Murray, Frank and Josie De Forrest, Adelaide Stetson, Harry Shay, Hall and Turner, Master Ocie, J. W. Sheppard, Marie Gautier, Monica Harmon, W. C. Raymond and Charles Seymour. Specialty artists and dramatic stars are referred to the proprietors' advertisement.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Bradford, Pa., the Harry Thompson Novelty Company have been playing to a good business. The party consists of George and Lizzie Derious; the Morris Bros., song-and-dance; Harry and Matt Thompson, Dutch comedists; Baby Hamilton in imitations of Pat Rooney; Maura and Leon, gymnasts; the Hamilton Sisters in songs-and-dances. They open in Buffalo June 2, at Shelby's. May Fisk's Blondes are booked here 2, for one week.....The San Francisco Combination recently organized here play in Gillmore's, Pa., May 29, Salamanca 30, Randolph, N. Y., 31, Jamestown June 2, Olean 3. The company includes George William and Harry Ronaldo, Add Weaver, the O'Brian Bros., Nellie Parker, the Lynn Sisters, La Petite Julia and Bonnie Runnells. A. H. Fuller's agent ahead. G. H. McDonald advance-agent.....The Theatre Comique building has been sold to A. T. Newell, owner of the Academy, and at the expiration of the present lease will be used for other purposes.....Harry Seymour is negotiating for the Academy of Music. Advices of May 31.

VARIETY NEWS from Chicago, Ill., up to May 31, is as under: "At Hamlin's there was a good attendance during the week to see Milton Nobles and company. Opening June 2: The Fieldings—John and Maggie—Neosskieta, Tillie Antonio, Manchester and Jennings, Emma Wells, Jennie May and George W. Thompson.....John Mann, treasurer of the Academy, realized nearly $1,000 by his benefit afternoon and evening of May 25, the house being filled to overflowing in the evening. Among the novelties was the debut of Minnie May Thompson in songs-and-dances—a little miss of six years, who made a hit. Manager Emmett is devoting his attention to horseflesh during the Summer season. He has now a stud of eleven horses, which are mostly housed in magnificent quarters which he has built at the rear of Wabash Park, where he will speed them. The suit against Col. McMahon (Emma Marsham's husband) for embezzlement, preferred by Cambridge & Co., for which Mr. McMahon has lain in the county jail since 27, was discharged to-day (31) on defendant paying costs. Pauline Markham and company (except Frank Irving) leave for San Francisco June 3, under contract with Frank Laramie to appear at the Adelphi there. McAuly and Howe and Haley and West go also."

MAR. RENTZ'S MINSTRELS performed in Sacramento, Nev., May 22, 23, 24, 25, Grass Valley, Nev., 26, Nevada 27, Carson 28, Virginia City 29, 30, 31, June 1; thence to Winnemucca 2, Salt Lake City, Utah, 4, 5, Ogden 6, Evanston, W. T., 7, Laramie 9, Cheyenne 10, Denver, Col., 11, 12, 13, 14. They expect to play in Leadville the week of June 16.

MARIE AZURINE writes to THE CLIPPER that she has fully recovered from the effects of the terrible accident which befell her while performing on the trapeze some months ago in Detroit, Mich. She will resume her performances next season.

HEYWOOD BROS.' COMBINATION are performing in the interior towns of Colorado.

HARRY MARTEN, vocalist, end-man and comedian, can be engaged. See card.

HARRIGAN & HART'S COMBINATION play in Boston, Mass., for four weeks, commencing June 2; thence to Philadelphia, Pa., 30, two weeks, Jersey City, N. J., July 14, one week.

AT THE OLYMPIC, Fort Wayne, Ind., business has been fair. The features last week were May Marshall, Frank and Josie De Forest, Jennie Lindsay, James Fleming, Manning and Drew and Thatcher and Hume. Closing May 31: Manning and Drew and the De Forests, to Detroit, and May Marshall, Cleveland, O. Opening June 2: Frank and Winnie Hassall and J. C. Murphy.

E. O. ROGERS' PAVILION SHOW is billed in Fayetteville, N. Y., June 2, Cazenovia 3, Morrisville 4, Hamilton 5, Clarksville 6, Schuyler's Lake 7.

BUSINESS at the Metropolitan Theatre, Milwaukee, Wis., the past week was very good. The attractions were Neoskieta, serio-comic; Hall and Williams, song-and-dance; Billy Hamilton, specialties; Lotta Ward, serio-comic. Departures May 31: Neoskieta, to Chicago, and Lotta Ward. Announced for June 2: Charles Goodyear, Lotta Gray, Lulu Park, and the Fergusons.

A COMPANY called Sawell & Drews' Vaudeville Combination, composed of Pete Cannon, Fanny Moore, George M. Sherman, Hattie Wade, Tom Moore, Sawell and Drews, Dora Rowe, Mack Brothers, Paddy Ryan, John Kunkle, Willie Frampton, Susie Collins and Maude Dupoint, gave four performances at Harry Williams' Academy of Music, Pittsburg, Pa., May 30, 31, to light business. May Fisk's English Blondes are announced June 9, for one week, and the Richmond party for 16, instead of 2, as was first intended.

MYERS' OPERA-HOUSE, Wilkesbarre, Pa., is open for the Summer season, under the management of Jos. A. Kelly, stage-manager; Morris Weston, business-manager; and the following company: Kelly and Weston, musical artists; Nellie Clark, Indian-club swinger; Joe Carey, comedian; Lilly Carey, serio-comic; J. Sands, straight business; Ada Franklin, song-and-dance; and Harry Turner, song-and-dance.

THE ARRIVALS at the Grand Central, Troy, N. Y., May 26, were James Lee, in neat songs-and-dances; Harry Clarke in Irish songs-and-dances and ventriloquial hand; Boyd and Sarsfield in eccentric songs-and-dances; Master Barney in Irish and Dutch songs-and-jigs; and Maud Morrissey in songs. Business was not large. The departures May 31 were James Lee, May Arnott, Harry Clarke, Boyd and Sarsfield, Master Barney and Maud Morrissey, to New York. Underlined for June 2: Alice Ransome, Lamont and Ducrow, Mlle. Leonetta, Sally King, Styles and Manning, and Smith and McLaughlin appeared to crowded houses at the Arcade Garden, Philadelphia, last week.

MULLIGAN AND MORRIS, Belle Fairmount, Aubrey and Monroe, C. N. Richardson, Daisy Kernell, John, Clarence and Lottie Burton, Guy Linton and Lucy Adams, Chas. and Emma Austin, Carrie Lewis and C. Constantine gave the show at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, the past week. The first five closed 31. Keating and Sands, Nellie Bland, John Murray and Lillie Wood open June 2.

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CHAMBERS & MCCARTHY have leased Curtis' Hall, Minneapolis, Minn, and are altering it into a very pleasant little theatre. The hall is 45x80ft., with a stage 18x45ft., and will seat 450 people. It has been named the Adelphi Theatre, and will be opened June 9 with a first-class variety company.

THE NEW PEOPLE at the Odeon, Baltimore, Md., May 26, were Ella Warner with her banjo; Annie Boyd, serio-comic; Jennie and Rose Leland, song-and-dance; George and Nettie Woods in sketches, with new and appropriate songs; Charles A. Grear, Ethiopian comedian; and Reynolds and Walling in their sketch of "The Old Arm-chair." Business excellent. Annie Boyd, to New York; Ella Warner, to Washington; and Charles A. Grear, to Philadelphia, departed 31, and Dan Collyer and Alice Gilmore come June 2.....The Central Summer Garden is to open its doors as a variety theatre the first time this season June 2, with Clara Alford's Burlesque Troupe.

MRS. SARAH E. FLAKE, mother of Jim Flake, negro delineator, died in Philadelphia May 28, aged nearly 92 years.

LEW BENEDICT, comedian, can be engaged. See card.

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W. C. TURNER as Paul Slowman in "Women," advertised as a laughable comedy, Grace Garland in songs-and-dances, and Lizzie Turner in character dances, later acting Mrs. Lester in the drama, were the new faces at Crone's Garden Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., May 26. Extremely warm weather caused a falling-off in the attendance. For week of June 2 Mr. Turner's piece, "Joe Bowers," is underlined, for which most of the late stock will return. Closing May 31: Smith and Byrne, May Vernon and Grace Garland. Newcomers June 2: Charles Redmon and Georgie Blake.....The benefit to the late employes of the Metropolitan May 26 was quite a success financially and artistically, the show given being one of the best that have been had at that house this season. Members of Crone's company, besides those heretofore announced, took part.....Daisy Remington (so called) is singing in Greunert's Hall.

CINCINNATI NEWS to May 31 is sent as appended by our correspondent: "The acrobatic song-and-dance men Keating and Flynn were the only new people 26 at the Vine-street Opera-house. Biz has been quite fair. Maggie Gray has been too ill to appear since Tuesday. Tillie Graham and Minnie Wesner were each presented with a handsome pair of bracelets and a basket of flowers 27, by unknown friends. Departures: 'Punch' Walton, Jessie Forrester, and Keating and Flynn. The Taylor Sisters have dissolved partnership, Blancke going away with the Cooper & Bailey Show, while Stella remains at the Vine-street. Opening 2: Harry G. Lambkin, Ada and Charles Costello, and Crunkhart and De Forrest, Stage-manager Harry Wood announces that he has just fallen heir to $5,000;..... The Lookout Opera-house continues a vaudeville business to moderate attendance..... Morton and Miles, clever in Irish songs-and-dances; Charles Devere, comedian; and Jessie Adams, vocalist, opened at the Eldorado 26. Biz good. Departures: Harry Spriggs, Allie Sheppard, and Terry and Maggie Ferguson. Arrivals not announced.....Charles and Ella Jerome and Le Roy and Martin opened at the White House 26. Martin, however, has been too ill to perform. Departures: Ed. Wilson, Billy Gilbert, Billy Allen, and Stella Bertram. Opening 2: Hawley and Cooper, Harry Spriggs, Allie Sheppard, 'Punch' Walton, and Jessie Forrester..... Oscar Willis, the Davenport Brothers, Devlin and Tracy, George Davenport, and Keating and Flynn leave to-day to join Gaffney & Lapham's Show in Chicago.....The benefit of James S. and Katie Edwards 25 was a success, netting them over $300.... The Coliseum will reopen 8 for the Sængerfest week. All of the prosecutions against the small hall-owners for paying performance and Sunday licenses have fizzled out. Each demanded a jury trial, and the results were all acquittals, save that in one case the jury could not agree, and the case will probably be nolled. The Richmond & Von Boyle Comedy Company opened at Heuck's 26 in their drama of "Beware," which is made up wholly of abounding in far-fetched incidents and characters, proved exciting and full of a rough humor well adapted to the taste of the patrons of the house. Harry C. Richmond and Acland Von Boyle showed considerable dramatic ability as the two tramps, Al McDowell as Tony Smith gave a neat bit of light-comedy acting, and introduced songs with good effect. W. H. Jones as Isaac Wolf and Bob Harrison as a darky were both good. The other principal characters were performed by J. E. McDonough, W. H. Schneider, Nellie Howard and Florence Stowell. Attendance has been so good that the combination has been re-engaged for another week."

THE PROGRAMME at Shelby's Adelphi, Buffalo N. Y., last week, included a sketch by the Wrens—Alice, Jennie and Oliver—Dot 'n Chips, or Fun in a Boarding-school;" motto songs by Frank Lewis; character changes by Tillie Antonio; Irish songs-and-dances by Favor and Shields; acrobatic songs-and-dances by McNish and Noon; and the burlesque of "His Nibbs' Schooner Pinafore," in which Dan Shelby appeared as Sir Joseph Porter, Nick Wren as Capt. Corncake, Frank Wright as Dick Goggle-eye, Frank Lewis as Ralph Hayrack, Ted Skillette as Thomas Rudder, Jennie Morgan as Josephine, Tillie Antonio as Buttertub, and Alice Wren as Hebe. The regular season closed with the week, and the company is distributed as follows: The Wrens, to their home, in Greenpoint, N. Y.; Tillie Antonio, Chicago, Ill.; Frank Lewis, Baltimore, Md.; McNish and Noon, Cleveland, O.; Jenny Morgan, idle one week, then Chicago, Ill.; Favor and Shields, New York; Frank Wright, Detroit, Mich. Manager Shelby and family leave June 4 for an extended pleasure trip, first to Manager Shelby's home, in Dayton, O., then Cincinnati, Chicago, etc., concluding with a four to six weeks' stay at Mount Clemens Mineral Springs, Mich. Mr. Shelby has kindly offered the use of his theatre, together with the services of the attaches, for one night, June 2, to the Mechanics' Institute. Letter of May 31.

AT WALDMANN'S New Theatre, Newark, N. J., business the past week was fair. Capt. Swan was the chief attraction. Departures 31: The Novello Quartet, to Philadelphia: Regan and Hicks, New York; Capt. Swan, Coney Island. To arrive June 2: Florrie Plimsoll, Viro Ferrand, the Merritt Bros., Sam Dearin, Austin and Canada.....At the Metropolitan Rink the seats were issued up to the time of writing, and it is hard to tell if anyone will arrive.....At William Rehlsen's Opera-house (late Comique) the following people are billed for June 2: Mills und Sylvano, Emma Milton, Mullaly and Fenton, Maggie Weyl, Fred Wenzel, Ada Wallace, J. W. McCready, Louise La Tour, Little Rosa and Dick Krowley, with the Five-brigade Minstrels. Miss Kittie Bell's benefit was a success, and she was presented at the close of the last act of "Camille" with a gold watch.

A CHANGE OF PROPRIETORS was made at the Boylston Museum, Boston, Mass., May 26, Dr. G. E. Lothrop disposing of his interest to Messrs. Hopkins & Marron of Providence, R. I. The first programme under the new management was made up by a company of fresh performers, who introduced a firefight, in which a Victoria Cross and the Loftus British Blonde Troupe formed the semi-circle, the vocalists being Emma Rice and Ada Stanwood, with James Dilks and Harry Wade as bones, Charles H. Yale as middleman, and Joe Hurley and Billy Marr as tambos. The olio was opened by Wm. and Claudia Ripley, parlor acrobats, followed by Emma Rice, serio-comic; Dilks and Wade in a musical act called "Got Something Outside;" the ballet "Les Bluettes," executed by Mlle. Innocente Arscelasca, Rosie and Maggie Summerfield and corypheus Hurley and Marr in a change and character act; Ada Stanwood in operatic selections; and Joe Hurley's version of "Our Boarding-house," acted by the author, James S. Hearne, Wade, Dilks and Mrs. Josie Atkinson. Business for week fair. New appearances June 2: King Sarboo, Charles and Carrie Austin, Walter Bray, Press Eldridge, Charles M. Bassett, Lew Sandford, Lillie Howard and Lucie and Sallie Clinetop. Letter of June 1.

THE BLANCHE SELWYN COMBINATION exhibited in Denver, Col., May 26, 27. The troupe arrived over the Kansas Pacific only an hour and a half before the performances, and were consequently tired out. Miss Selwyn did not appear at either performance. A good audience greeted the first appearance, but a light house was present on the following evening, the Collins Brothers were the only ones received. They appear during the remainder of the week in Georgetown, Central, Golden and Boulder, one night each, and thence West.

VARIETY MATTERS in St. Paul, Minn., says our correspondent, "have been subject to so many mutations lately that they are slightly unsettled. Mike Conley has sold out his interest in Conley's Varieties to Mr. Peltier, who will be the manager hereafter, and the place will be known as Peltier's Varieties. The fresh people are Jerry Cavanagh, Dutch comedian; Emma Bell, song-and-dance; Ida Fox, fancy dancer; and Johnny and Kitty Taylor, double-jig clog-dancers.....At Connolly's Summer-garden business has been fair. The Ifferd Sisters and Jennie Wade opened May 26."

DURING THE WEEK ending May 31 the attractions at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, were Ada Lannier, Belle Clifton, Ida Siddons, Dick Gorman, Arnold Bros., and Harry Lester and Nora Wright. The last two closed on above date, and intend to sail per steamship California of the Anchor Line June 7 for London, Eng., when they expect to open at the Grand and Canterbury Music-halls..... Frank Dumont, usher, and Clark Gibbs, negro comedian, benefited 26, the above company giving the show, which consisted merely of the regular bill for the week.....Dick Gorman presented Harry Lester with a bag of gold "on behalf of a committee of ten prominent citizens" 31. The affair created much amusement among the audience.....The Novello Quartet come June 2.

"PINAFORE" by the Colored Opera Company, and the drama of "Custer" by W. J. Fleming, who closed 31, and the stock company made up the bill at Rox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, the past week. Audiences moderate. For this week the Colored Opera Company will continue to present "Pinafore," and T. J. Martin and Marian Fiske will appear.

GOOD HOUSES applauded the efforts of Amy Lee, Harry Blanchard and Mlle. Modelka, Wm. Harris, Johnny Reese, Ada Mortimer, Jas. and John Kelly, V. Alexander and Mamie Wallace at the New Fairmount Summer-garden Theatre, Philadelphia, last week.

SMALL AUDIENCES at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending 31, witnessed the performances of Billy Carroll, Geo. Ellwood, Geo. Monroe, Geo. B. Radcliff, A. R. Van Horn and Mrs. W. N. Drew. Coming June 2: Frank Harris, Irene Robinson and Strong and Moore.

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THE NOVELTY THEATRE, Coney Island, was opened for the season June 1.

MABEL FLORENCE has just closed a successful engagement at the Volks' Garden, this city, and manager Geo. T. Shaw commends her to managers as an attraction. See card.

PAT ROONEY'S NEW YORK COMBINATION will inaugurate its second annual tour Sept. 1, under the management of Harry Miner of Miner's Theatre, this city. Arrangements can now be made as to dates. See card.

MLLE. GERALDINE and Geo. Leopold, who have just returned from Cuba and South America, where their aerial act and cannon performance have been among the sensational and attractive features of the several shows with which they have been connected, are rea ly to form engagements. They can be addressed care of this office.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

EUGENE and John Unsworth are to sail for England in the steamship Algeria June 4 to spend the Summer months in Liverpool, London and Paris. Eugene returns in September next to open with Carncross' Minstrels in Philadelphia.

HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS performed to large business in Scranton, Pa., May 27, Wilkesbarre 28, Pottsville 29, Lancaster 30, Reading 31, and their route ahead is 1ARch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, one week, commencing June 2, New Brunswick, N. J., 9, Newark 10, 11, Hartford, Ct., 13, Providence, R. I., 14, Boston (Mass.) Theatre, one week, beginning 16.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS played in St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., May 28, says our correspondent, "to an immense audience, people being turned away at an early hour for lack of even standing-room. The excellent performance given served to increase the already high favor in which this troupe is held here." Similar reports have reached us from the other cities in which they appeared during the past week. They played in Penn Yan 29, Canandalgua 30,

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

"L'Etincelle"

is the title of a one-act comedy by Edouard Pailleron which was first performed at the Theatre Francais, Paris, May 13, and for which great success was predicted, it being pronounced the best work yet given the public by this author. The story is of the simplest kind, and is thus told: Baron Raoul De Geran, a young cavalry captain of twenty-seven, is on a visit at the country-house of his aunt, Madame De Renat, the young and very captivating widow of his uncle, an old general of whom we hear very little in the piece. The scene is laid in the garden of the villa, the *facade* of which occupies one side of the stage, with flowers, plants, trees, and trellis-work, all arranged with M. Perrin's well-known artistic taste, filling the other—a most picturesque scene. When the curtain rises we see the aunt seated beside her work-table, very busy with worsted, canvas, and needle, while the nephew, in his undress uniform, is reciting a tale to which she seems inclined to turn a deaf or at least a seemingly unconcerned ear. Raoul, in fact, is telling her how deeply he is in love with the most adorable creature on earth, youth, innocence, beauty, and gaiety all combined in one little girl. Mme. Renat pokes fun at the gallant captain for his ardor, reminding him that, after a month's stay in the country, he always makes a proposal of marriage to someone. The year before she herself was the object of his devotion, and twelve months previously he had paid his addresses to a Miss Stott. It is the country air which produces this effect on him. Raoul vows that at last he is seriously in love, and that he has fully and irrevocably made up his mind to marry the girl of his choice; but—and this is the object of his confidence—he cannot succeed unless his aunt agrees to help him, whereupon he avows that it is her goddaughter, Antoinette, an orphan whom the deceased general had adopted, that he wishes to make his wife. Mme. De Renat, on hearing this confession, displays by an involuntary start how little the proposal is to her taste, and at once proceeds to point out to the Baron the absurdity of his idea. But Raoul persists so indefatigably that, unless she were to run the risk of disclosing her own feelings, Leone cannot refuse to aid him in his project. In the midst of their *tete-a-tete* a ringing peal of laughter is heard, accompanied by the shrill bark of a little dog, and Antoinette appears in a costume of the most girlish simplicity, with a short frock, her head uncovered, and her abundant auburn hair falling wildly about her shoulders. This entry is one of the cleverest bits of stage business that can be imagined, the delightful laughter of the little hoydenish maiden being so uncontrollable that it cannot be stopped, and there she stands before the audience for several seconds giving it full rein, to the undisguised irritation of Mme. De Renat, and the intense delight of the amorous Raoul. Next follows a description of the scene which has roused the little girl's risible faculties to such an extent. M. Gillet, the village notary, has just made her an offer of marriage, which Antoinette repeats in that worthy young man's own solemn words, accompanied always by the ringing laugh, and with imitations of the dog's barking thrown in as an aside to complete the trio. Raoul, as has been said, is delighted, but he had confessed to his aunt that Antoinette does not yet possess the *etincelle*, the "spark," that inexplicable something which shows that a woman's heart has been touched by love—a comparison drawn from the electric machine—to which Madame De Renat replies: "Turn the handle, nephew." And it is this which Raoul endeavors to do, while his aunt absents herself to receive the visit of the cure, who has come on the part of M. Gillet to make a formal demand for Antoinette's hand. Then follows another charming scene, in which the captain endeavors to convey the "spark" of love to the little girl, while she continues to crack nuts in the most unpoetic manner. Toinon, to use her pet name, had long divined the secret penchant of her aunt for Raoul, and the fine-hearted little girl has not the slightest intention of usurping the place of her godmother, whom she loves tenderly. All Raoul's eloquence and verses are thrown away; she has not the "spark," but, on the contrary, laughs in her suitor's face more noisily than ever. The captain then conceives a famous plan. He implores Madame De Renat to seat herself beside him on the garden-bench to feign a love scene, by which he calculates on arousing Antoinette's jealousy, for he rightly surmises she will remain within earshot of their conversation, and from this jealousy he hopes to extract the wished-for "spark." Madame De Renat resists a little at first against this singular proposal, and at last plays the role assigned her so indifferently that Raoul grows warm, and after a series of mutual reproaches, which increase in animation each instant, the captain exposes his real feelings, and gives free current to the passion for his companion which he had kept suppressed since she had refused his offer of marriage. As he throws himself on one of the basket-chairs and bursts into tears, Leonie approaches him, takes his hand in hers, and their reconciliation is effected; they recognize that they have long loved each other just as laughing little Toinon appears to tell them both what a silly figure they cut, and to remark to Raoul that he seems terribly afraid of the answer she is bringing him to his proposal of marriage. But he may set his mind at ease, she rejoins, for she has accepted the hand of M. Gillet the notary. The generous-hearted girl sacrifices herself for the godmother she loves so deeply; but Madame De Renat is so ignorant of the depth of the little girl's affection, and so complete-ly unaware of the real motive by which her conduct is prompted, that her last word to her is: "You, indeed, have not the spark!" to which Toinon only answers: "Ma chere Marraine!" Mlle. Croizette appeared as Madame De Renat, Mlle. Jeanne Samary as Antoinette, and M. Delaunay as Raoul.

DRAMATIC.

THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT CONFERENCE will be held in the lecture-halls of the Royal Asiatic Society, London, June 9, and following days. It is expected that Victor Hugo will open the proceedings with a speech; and the foreign visitors, Messrs. Caesar and MM. Tourgueneff, Jules Simon and Edmund About. The English reception committee consists of Mr. Froude, Mr. Trollope, F. Jenkins, M. P., Mr. Vaux and other gentlemen. The Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon has invited the members of the Conference to visit that town.

MRS. ANDREW HALLIDAY (Mrs. Sarah Duff) died in London, Eng., May 9.

A NEW Mazeppa was announced to appear at Astley's, London, on May 31, in the person of Mlle. Marquet, who is said to have made a good reputation on the Continent.

THE TRUSTEES of Shakespeare's birthplace had rather a stormy meeting recently. The trust-deed refers exclusively to the birthplace; but a few years ago the site of the poet's last residence, New place, was included in the trust as an inseparable adjunct. At the meeting referred to a resolution was proposed to apply part of the funds to the maintenance of the gardens attached to the new Memorial Theatre. Against this proposal Mr. Halliwell Phillips entered a strong protest as an obvious breach of trust, those gardens not having any possible connection with the personal history of Shakespeare. The resolution has for the present been withdrawn.

MR. HENRY NEVILLE, it is said, has answered Mr. Charles Reade's warning respecting "L'Assommoir" by stating that it is his intention to produce a piece identical in plot and characters, but founded, not on the French play, but on M. Zola's novel. Mr. Neville says that his drama was in his possession before the F word one was in existence.

JOHN HARE and W. H. Kendal will be the lessees of the newly-erected St. James Theatre, London.

T. L. GREENWOOD, who as the elder of "the broth ers Grinn" has for many years supplied different theatres in London with holiday entertainments, died on May 10, in his seventy-third year.

THE NEW Elephant and Castle Theatre, London, was announced to open May 31.

JOHN JACK and Charles Wheatleigh opened the Grant-road Theatre, Bombay, India, April 26, producing for the first time there "Our Boys," with Mr. Jack as Perkyn Middlewick, Mr. Wheatleigh as Talbot Champneys, and Annie Firmin as Mary Melrose.

Australian News.

An American actor who has been performing for some time past at the antipodes writes as follows:

SYDNEY, N. S. W., March 31, 1879.

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* Things dramatic in Australia are dead, dead, very dead. Since George Rignold's engagement at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, there has not been any money-making production in the colonies, and it is a very serious question, notwithstanding Mr. George Coppin's statement of the contrary, that engagement, if there was any money made by the management even then. Wybert Reeve produced at the Prince of Wales' Opera-house "Diplomacy" and "All for Her" in a style of grandeur seldom or ever attempted here, and I am sorry to say they were both financially disastrous failures. He closed with the last-named play to about $38. There was but one opinion expressed of the artist, yet in the face of acknowledged merit he was permitted to struggle on to a "beggarly account of empty benches." I do not think the people are to be censured for want of taste in this matter, but attribute the fact to the general depression which is felt in all parts of this country. Misery is lighter here now than it was in 1874 in America, and business of all kinds is at a standstill. There is no money to be made by anyone starring with theatres at $1,500 per week; therefore all professional people who think they will come to Australia and make a tub of money and go hunting beautiful sights had better stay at home, for here they will get less of the one and more of the other than in any country in the world. You can do more hunting for less sights than any place I have been to thus far. Miss Augusta Dyson, of the Royal, Melbourne, has been artistically a grand success; financially, like all the rest, a failure. Actors in this country should not start themselves as "Mark Twain," "Artemus Boteom," as that is the general fate of all who come. Rignold did well for *himself* in New Zealand, but I am sorry for the managers—"verb. sap." Baker and Pearson are the only attractions in this city that the general public will turn out to see. They are making money, and have been for the past year. They are at the Queen's, and playing to really good business. Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Bates are at the Victoria. The Royal is doing stock-plays. Kelly and Leon are at the School of Arts—business fair—not big, but, I think, paying. The Exhibition building here is going up rapidly, and the affair promises to be a great success. I inclose a police report of the morning papers, which, I think, will give you a pleasing notion of the genus "larikin." Our New York rowdies can now take a back seat. Here it is:

"Five larkins were fined £10 or three months' imprisonment for insulting behavior and assaulting the police. Cities, *take the seat out of a policeman's trousers*, was fined 20s. costs, or one month."

Respectfully yours, AN AMERICAN ACTOR.

MUSICAL.

A CORRESPONDENT says that the report that Mme. Adelina Patti would sing in Paris next year was, after all, true; that M. Merelli has taken the Gaite Theatre for next Spring, and that the agreement was signed on May 14. The Italian season is to commence on Feb. 1, and to continue till May 15. The principal singers engaged are Mme. Adelina Patti and Signor Nicolini. It was understood that the lady would not be allowed to sing in Paris, and that the Marquis De Caux will invoke the aid of the law to prevent her from appearing in public. On the other hand it is said that, although Mme. Patti cannot take a theatre in Paris in her own name, there is nothing to prevent her accepting an engagement.

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT occurred at Covent-garden Theatre, London, May 15. At the end of the first act of "Le Prophete" the curtain came down with a startling run, and it was discovered that two of the men employed in the "flies" had been terribly injured. They were conveyed without delay to Charing-cross Hospital, and it was found upon examination that one suffered from a broken leg and the other from a broken arm and leg.

DAVID FITZGERALD GARRETT, a distinguished musical amateur of Limerick, who appeared successfully in the leading roles (Faust, Manrico, and Don Giovanni) in Italian opera in London, is the popular candidate for Mr. Ruth's vacant seat in Parliament.

IT IS STATED that Jules Barbier, author of the libretto of "Faust" and the books of several other operas, is a candidate for the seat at the French Academy left vacant by M. Saint-Rene Taillandier.

A ONE-ACT comic opera, entitled "L'Orage," has been produced at the Theatre de la Monnaie, in Brussels, Belgium, the libretto by M. A. Silvestre, the music by a young English composer, John Ulrich. According to the Belgian papers, the opera was moderately successful. The Grand Opera has closed the season.

VARIETY HALLS.

PETRIE AND FISH recently concluded an engagement at the Concert de l'Horloge, Champs Elysees, Paris.

THE HANLONS continue to appear nightly at the Folies Bergere, Paris, among the latest sensations at which establishment is a novel and difficult performance on a wire stretched obliquely from the stage to the ceiling, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, by a little English boy called "Young Addy," who mounts the fine wire, first backwards and then forwards, with nothing but a fan in one hand and a Japanese umbrella in the other, and finally slides backwards onto the stage.

MASON AND DIXON were to have begun an engagement at the Alcazar d'Ete, in the Champs Elysees, Paris, June 1.

BABY BINDLEY'S performances at the Scotia, Glasgow, were very successful.

FERGUSON AND MACK and Juleene are performing in London.

CIRCUSES.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—An inquest was held on May 14 at the University College Hospital, London, on the body of Goss, keeper of the parrot-house at the Zoological Gardens, who died from the effects of injuries inflicted upon him at Easter by an elephant. A. D. Bartlett, who has been manager of the Gardens for twenty years, stated that the four Indian elephants had always been perfectly gentle, and that he had never known any of them show symptoms of temper or vice at any time. He was on the spot a few minutes after the accident. Barnes had gone for the steps, and Goss was standing by the elephant's head, when the animal suddenly started forward, pushed Goss over, and trod on his foot. He thought it possible that some mischievous person had prodded the elephant from behind with a stick or umbrella, or else pulled his tail, thus making him suddenly start forwards. The elephant was presented by the Prince of Wales, and was named Rostom. He was one of the smaller elephants, and weighed a ton and a quarter. He was by no means a vicious or ill-tempered animal. Goss had been a keeper in the elephant-house before he was made keeper of the parrot-house. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

ZAZEL, the clever young gymnast, who is fulfilling an engagement at Ginnett's Circus, Portsmouth, was taking her dive from the roof on May 10, when she went completely through the net which is placed beneath for her reception, and fell upon the floor with considerable violence. No bones were broken, but she was too severely injured to appear on the 12th. The ropes of the net had become weak through wear.

MYERS' CIRCUS is traveling through the British provincial towns.

JOHN WILSON'S CIRCUS, at the date of our last advices (April 28) was in Bombay, India. Among the features were Arthur and William Gregory on triple horizontal-bars, the Baby Clown in a trapeze act, the clowns Eugene and Bob Johnson in a comic duel scene, James Lee and Little Adele in equestrian feats, and Talbot Shields in leaping and sommersaulting.

CAUSES OF FAILURE.

BY HENRY J. BYRON.

A manager's failure and an author's are not quite the same thing. They are in the long run (or, rather, the *short* "run"), so far as their joint interests are concerned; but whereas the manager only looks at results, the author frequently refuses to consider the verdict of the public or the dictum of the theatre director as just or conclusive. For failure is sometimes the result of other causes than the inherent weakness or general defects of a play. Circumstances of production, locality, casts of characters, and other influences often affect injuriously dramas of decided merit deserving a better fate than they receive, and which under other conditions might ripen into popularity, even if the initial performance seemed somewhat unpromising. Authors frequently occurs through the shortsightedness or cupidity of a manager and the conceit of an author—the result being, production of a piece at "the wrong house." Driven into a corner for a novelty, or anxious not to let an apparently promising play slip through his fingers, a manager sometimes produces a work utterly unsuited to his theatre whilst the author, in overweening belief in his composition, *anywhere* consents to or even jumps at the proposal. The result is nearly always the same. However well the play may be performed, its production is an insult to the *genius loci;* the square peg is in the round hole, and the upshot is failure. The manager refuses to see this is what was sure to be, and blames the author; the author probably blames everybody but himself.

Sometimes a failure is the result of an injudicious cast, and here again the manager and author have equally to thank themselves. The manager objects, perhaps, to alter or add to his company; the author accepts the artists as they stand and still hopes his work may succeed, notwithstanding the utter unfitness of two or three principal actors for the characters assigned them. Square peg and round hole again—result almost inevitably something between a fiasco and that objectionable tepid triumph a *succes d'estime.*

Very long "waits" between the acts have before now utterly destroyed all chances of a piece, and it is an undoubted though inexplicable fact that, if *one* absurd mistake or *mal-a-propos* accident in "business" or dialogue happens to occur early in the play on its first performance, others are certain to follow. The experience of every habitual playgoer will confirm this statement, and numerous instances will no doubt rise to the recollection of the reader. An unfortunate incident or a speech in bad taste at the conclusion of a play, up to the point in question a decided success, has often turned, as if by magic, the friendly feeling of the hitherto pleased audience to one of great annoyance or disgust, and at once ruin the piece. A clever play by the late Mr. Chorley (I *think*) called "Duchess Eleanor," with Miss Cushman in the principal part—and how magnificently she played it!—was hooted just before its conclusion, and was only rescued from utter wreck by the fourth of the assassin a corpse was supposed to uncoil afresh; but this was too horrible for the audience, and damned the drama. It will be in the memory of many that "The Octoroon," on its production at the Adelphi, was a veritable triumph until the painful business with the lovers in the last act. The audience hissed furiously, and Mr. Boucicault wrote to the papers complaining of political feeling regarding "North" and "South." The audience didn't care a stiver about "North" or "South," but they hissed because they didn't like to see a girl take poison from her lover. Shortly after the clever author finished the play differently, with the happiest results. Sometimes even egregious errors may be whipped away with a stroke of a pen; and generally, if a play possesses the true elements of popularity, first-night mistakes are forgotten and success follows. *But not always.*

There is an old saying, that has with some people passed into a truism, that a piece which pleases the actors is very likely, if not certain, to fall with the public. A long experience teaches me that this is altogether absurd. There are no better judges of a play than actors. But what you have to do is to *get* at their judgment—a judgment not biased by personal considerations, a purely unselfish opinion. Unfortunately, the calling of an actor is essentially a selfish one—everyone wishes (naturally) to be the "cock salmon;" and an actor who has a bad part thinks less of the piece than he who has a good one. But so far from a favorable opinion on the part of the artists engaged being inimical to the chances of a play's success, common sense will suggest to everybody that a company in a good temper, and believing in the material they have to work upon, *must* throw themselves more heartily into their work, and consequently help to the desired result, than a troupe dissatisfied and disappointed. As to the power of the press to make or mar a play, I hold it of little consequence. When a failure is bound to *be* one, all the praise in the world will do no good; and, on the other hand, no abuse can kill a piece which hits the fancy of the multitude. But—when a play is metaphorically going down the hill—a kick from the critics will settle it forever; whilst a clever piece, trembling in the balance, may owe nearly all its ultimate success to the kindly encouragement of the press.

"First-night" failure may mean much, or it may mean nothing. As I have indicated, it may have been the mere result of mischance. "The Rivals," as we know, was a first-night failure. There are now few more popular plays. "The Lady of Lyons" was received so strangely that the company were called together to rehearse another piece. Mr. Bartley, however, saw the certainty of success in it, and strongly urged Mr. Macready to continue its performance. Probably, as Bartley played Damas, a fine part, his advice was not altogether disinterested; but his judgment was sound, as was proved very shortly by the universal popularity of the play. Instances by the score might be cited. My object has been to show that failure is not necessarily all the author's, though he, as a rule, has to bear the brunt of public opinion in the matter. If he is a foolish man he dwells on the misfortune, bores his friends with explanatory comments, and considers himself hurt if he receives scant sympathy; if, on the other hand, he is a wise one, he accepts his fate, holds his tongue, pockets his feelings, and goes to work again with a will.

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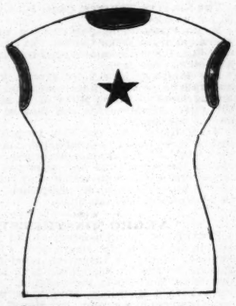
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IN CHANCERY, } SATURDAY, the third
IN CHAMBERS, } day of May, A. D., 1879.
BETWEEN ALICE WRIGHT PECK and others, Plaintiffs;
and
HARCOURT PATTER GOWAN and others, Defendants.
Upon the application of the above-named plaintiffs, and upon hearing read the bill of complaint, the affidavit of Ogle Robert Gowan, and the affirmation of Harcourt Patter Gowan, it is ordered that the defendant George Edward Gowan, alias "Ned Turner," do, on or before the first day of September next, answer or demur to the amended bill of complaint in this cause.
R. P. STEPHENS, Referee.
NOTICE TO THE DEFENDANT GEORGE EDWARD GOWAN, ALIAS "NED TURNER."
Take notice that if you do not answer or demur to the bill pursuant to the above order, the plaintiffs may obtain an order to take the bill as confessed against you, and the Court may grant such relief as they may be entitled to on their own showing, and you will not be entitled to receive any further notice of the future proceedings in the cause.
Your answer is to be filed at the office of the Clerk of Records and writs at Osgood Hall, in the City of Toronto.
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